

AMERICA'S WEEKLY

FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Vol. III,
No. 45

Week Ending
September 1, 1934

North Atlantic (1)

In This Issue:

"COMEDIAN'S
HOLIDAY": ONE
GOOD JOKE on
JACK PEARL

MY TWO-SCORE
CHILDREN BY
MILTON CROSS

HEAVY VOTE IN
POLL FOR 1934
RADIO QUEEN

PROGRAMS
START ON PAGE 12



Dorothy Page

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The Voice of the Listener

Keel Be Humming Black

Dear VOL: Elwood, Indiana
My favorite comedian is now off the air for some reason or another. His name is Roy Atwell. The Carefree Carnival program from the west coast has been trying to copy Mr. Atwell's style of talk. They call their comedian Senator Fishface. I don't like the Senator as well as Roy Atwell because the Senator is too monotonous. Don't you think so, too?



There is only one grouch I have against radio programs. I do not like electrically transcribed programs which have been creeping in rather numerous of late. One does not get the same thrill when listening to a favorite movie star this way as he does when the star is speaking or singing to him directly through a microphone. Robert Osting

The Ardent Elmira

Dear VOL: Elmira, N. Y.
Like "J. Wasso, Jr." I wish to ask why good space is taken up with such stuff as "the year 2034"? Just what good will knowledge of what is to be a hundred years from now do us? We want to know what is going on now. The feature "Calling All Cars" has its place as it is about radio, but "Signposts of Success," "Open Door to Beauty" and "Radio Road to Health" I see no place for in a RADIO GUIDE.

So sorry that Arthur Pendleton thinks all the decent talent comes from New York. I wonder what his mind is like to think only the fit-to-hear talent is in N. Y. I enjoy a lot from Chicago and California and I find them very decent and fit to listen to.

Now, for Samuel Solomon who calls your readers "wise guys." It's too bad he and a few more like him did not save their talk and send in their votes as the rest of us "wise guys" did. I enjoy the "Boston Symphony" but I also enjoy Wayne King, Ben Bernie and "Myrt and Marge" and "Dangerous Paradise."

May Leonard

Old Spanish Custom

Dear VOL: Madisonville, Kentucky
Why is it that some orchestra leaders try to make tangoes out of North American music like Old Black Joe, etc., when there are plenty of good Spanish rhumbas to play?

In a recent letter in "The Voice of the Listener" Helen A. Leimer said Jan Garber's orchestra was a poor imitation of Lombardo's. I can't see where she gets that idea because I don't think they sound alike in any way.

Here's hoping your detective thrillers will soon be replaced by something more worthwhile.

David Dunning, Jr.

Just Summer Complaint

Dear VOL: Sellersville, Pa.
I want to second the motion of Everett Willets. Why complain if you don't like this or that? I'm sure there is enough of everything on the radio to satisfy everyone.



I can't explain to myself why I like Guy Lombardo and do not like Wayne King, or why I like popular music and do not like opera.

I guess it's a matter of taste but why tell a million persons they are crazy if they do not happen to like the things you like. If you don't like it, skip it. Why offend other listeners? They are entitled to their own opinions.

It would be a funny world if we all liked the same thing. Bob Napier

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOL editor, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph.

Totten 'Em Up

Dear VOL: Hammond, Ind.
When I read letters in this valuable space concerning the merits of Pat Flanagan and Bob Elson I have to laugh. Any real baseball fan realizes that Chicago has only one efficient baseball announcer—Hal Totten. The next best is Johnny O'Hara.

Unfortunately, Totten is off the air on Sunday and doesn't handle the Cub road games. In that case it is a toss up between Elson and Flanagan. Pat's ignorance of the technical side of the game is astounding, considering his many years of service in the radio box. Both men are careless

about making sure whether the play in question is a hit or an error. This makes it impossible to score the games correctly. Elson often gives his commercial "plug" when something of importance is transpiring on the field. I would suggest that Elson be a little more informal and editorialize more. And, if I may be so bold, I would suggest that Pat abandon his nerve-wracking shout and be just a bit more impartial.

As for all-around excellence there is no one in the field to compare with Hal Totten, the most natural and well-informed of them all.

Richard C. Murray

What...No Television?

What is holding back television? This question is being asked every day, and still the man in the street does not know the answer. People do not know that today—right now—television is *technically perfect*. What, then, is keeping it out of our homes?

The truth is, that while television is technically ready for the market, *the market is not yet ready for television*.

It would cost several hundred million dollars to give television to the people of the United States—and with times so hard as they are, the radio industry does not know where to find those hundreds of millions of dollars.

Alfred J. McCosker, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, is quoted in "Variety" as saying that \$368,000,000 is needed to get television going. He estimates that eighty transmitting stations, at a cost of \$40,000,000, would be necessary. In addition, the public would be required to purchase seven hundred thousand sets. This item alone represents approximately \$210,000,000, or \$300 an instrument. Then, there is the tidy little sum of \$58,000,000 for the production of television programs for a year. It seems like a large-sized order at this time, despite the perfection of television projection.

But even when all this money does become available—whenever that may be—other obstacles still may stand in the way of television. For instance—what attitude will be taken by the newspapers of the country? Present indications are that when television does come, it will be supported by advertisers, or sponsors, the way radio is today.

This will mean that television will compete with newspapers for advertising revenue—and the powerful press of this country will not welcome another big competitor for the money that advertisers spend.

Newspaper publishers have come to accept radio as a supplementary advertising service. There is no direct competition between newspapers and radio, in the sense that the newspaper appeals to the eye, while radio's appeal is to the ear. But when radio adds television it will appeal to the eye as well as to the ear. It will then be able to do some things which today the press alone is able to do. More than that, it will be a particularly severe competitor of the press, because it will appeal to two senses, while the newspaper can appeal to only one.

The newspapers have been very friendly towards radio, and the infant industry is not anxious to disturb or endanger that friendship.

Then, last but not least, is the audience itself. No one is quite sure how the listener will take to television entertainment in the home. Some interesting experiments have been conducted; they raise the serious question: "Can television hold its audience?" The atmosphere of the home is so unlike that of a theater or movie house that people do not want to give more than about half an hour of their undivided attention to a television screen. Television may follow the sad experience of home-projected motion-pictures into oblivion. So radio and radio executives have a multi-angled problem on their hands, that requires a lot of solving before television is launched.

Listener Accord

Dear VOL: St. Joseph, Mo.
I thoroughly agree with the letter of Robert Garvey in which he states that there should be more announcers such as Deems Taylor, and more time devoted in making programs such as Eno Crime Clars with Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy.

Also put the good old timers (Lum and Abner) on more stations, and at an earlier hour.

And for Pete's sake don't stop publishing your radio crime mysteries, or you'll be missing quite a few newsstand subscribers here in this community. Bennie Kalouner



Bennie Kalouner

And the Poor Get—Music

Dear VOL: El Verano, Calif.
As long as we continue to hear broadcasts of the best musical organizations in the country, I shall continue to know that music is not for the idle rich. It is for everybody. If at the turn of a dial we continue to hear and appreciate the most glorious music ever conceived, we are just that much richer.

But how about RADIO GUIDE co-operating with both CBS and NBC in headlining this type of broadcast? Both chains are headlining and increasing this type through popular demand.

Why not enlarge Carleton Smith's column, eliminate the trashier ones and put in their stead pictures and articles of real artists? Grete Stueckgold, Rosa Ponselle and Nino Martini would make fine cover pictures. Come to think of it, Madame Schumann-Heink would also make another fine one. She is beautiful in the truest sense of the word.

Through the opera broadcasts, all these singers come into being as radio stars. Alexander West

She's Just Cimarron

Dear VOL: Cimarron, Kan.
I wonder where some of the "would-be advisers if they could be advisers" of music, get nerve enough to voice such ignorance as some of them do in your column. I have lived in the east and in the west for 34 years. I learned early in life to enjoy the good in all things.

I am a lover of music of all kinds and think all kinds should have their place on the radio, just as I feel I should have different dishes served on my table. I hope my mind never gets so stale that it can hold but one phase of anything.

I feel Charles B.'s criticism that only women enjoy Johnny Marvin puts women on a little higher plane and removes him to the ash dump. I have never tired of Johnny Marvin. Why do some folks feel that what they do not like should be removed from the air? Grace Robinson

Orchid and Rose in Stock

Dear VOL: Bronx, New York, N. Y.
May I be the first to congratulate RADIO GUIDE for publishing the Name-the-Stars contest which has now come to a close after fifteen weeks that were both joyous and interesting?

I have been a RADIO GUIDE reader for the past year and like your Voice of the Listener and Along the Aerialto columns best. Let's have more contests as in the past.

May your Jingle contest be just as popular and interesting as the "Name-the-Stars" was.

I am sure that the average persons like to try their skill at contests and even if you do not win you have the diversion of studying the problem at hand. And it adds to the general enjoyment of radio. Al Rosenstock



Al Rosenstock

Comedian's Holiday

By Ray Hastings

On His Day Off a Busman Rides a Bus, a Sailor Rows a Boat—Here's the Truth of What Comedians Do

Jack Pearl registering the emotion he felt when he said good-by to his wife and to George Burns and Gracie Allen immediately before they sailed for Europe

A pale summer moon cast its eerie reflection on the sleeping form of Jack Pearl, whose bed had been shifted over to the window's edge in an effort to capture any vagrant breeze that might stir. All was peaceful and serene. The only noises which broke the stillness of the night were the Baron's gentle snores and the ticking of an alarm clock.

The telephone jangled noisily. Jack stirred but did not waken. He had had a hard day. The tinkling persisted—and he sat up in bed. One glance at the clock as he rubbed his eyes, showed that it was 4:30 a. m. He swore softly. "A devil of a time to call a person!" he grumbled. "Wait 'till I tell that bird a thing or two."

Grasping the telephone violently, he lifted the receiver. "Hello!" he called, wide awake now. "Say, what's the idea of calling a guy—"

"Hello, Jack!" came the voice from the other end of the wire. "Don't tell me you're sore 'cause I think enough of you to call."

"Gracie!" exclaimed the aroused Baron. It was Gracie Allen. "Why—how—Say, am I going nuts? I thought I saw you and George and Winnie off on the Rex last night!"

"Sure you did," reassured Gracie. "We're still aboard the Rex. This is a ship-to-shore call."

The Baron's voice shook with emotion. That's what he would term a real friend! "Gee, that's swell of you, Gracie. But these calls must cost a pile of dough. Really, you shouldn't spend your money so foolishly."

"Oh, that's all right, Jack. This call isn't costing me a penny. You're paying for it. I'm charging it to Winnie!"

The Baron gulped. "Some pall!" he stormed then. "First you steal my wife and then you make me pay for a call like this. Put Winnie on immediately. As long as I'm paying the bill I want to speak to my wife."

Gracie's voice came floating over the wire. "But you can't speak to Winnie, Jack."

"Whad'dya mean, I can't speak to Winnie?"

"Well, there's an Eye-talian mathematician on board and—"

"An Italian mathematician! What's that?"

"Jack, you're so dumb at times. Let's see what else do they call them—Oh yes, a count—an Eye-talian count."

"But what's that got to do with Winnie?" queried the puzzled Baron.

"I hate to tell you, Jack," responded Gracie, "but she's up on the deck watching the moon with the count. He's fallen desperately in love with her, and you're liable to be presented with a quick and easy divorce soon. Well, I know you're happy that I called. So long!"

There is the answer to what happens to some comedians on their free time. The postman goes for a walk, the sailor goes for a row—and a comedian plays practical, albeit expensive jokes!

You've read stories, of course, about the funny men and women of the stage, radio and screen who tear their hair and moan that they'd give anything to get away from the grind of being funny. Well, it's a lot of hooey. Attend further the saga of George Burns, Gracie Allen, Winnie Pearl and her illustrious husband, the Baron:

It was the night of June 22, and George and Gracie were throwing a farewell party at the Waldorf-Astoria to celebrate their European vacation jaunt. Only the two of them proposed to go. They were sailing the following evening, and their itinerary included expected visits to Naples, Venice, Budapest, Vienna, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Paris, London and sections of Scot-

land and Ireland.

Among the guests of the party were the Lombardos, Helen Jopson, Ramona, Peggy Healy, Gene Spier and Billy Wells, (script writers), Peter Van Steeden, Kathleen Wells, Ward Wilson, Harold Richards and Winnie Pearl. Jack Pearl was to arrive several hours later, due to the fact that he had been unable to break away from a benefit performance over in Jersey. Had Jack been able to wiggle out of the charity show, this story never would have been written, for Gracie Allen, like a snake in the grass, seized upon his absence to sell Winnie a bill of goods.

When Jack arrived at the Waldorf about midnight he was greeted with broad smiles and puzzling slaps on the back. He grew suspicious immediately, but it was too late.

Gracie and George descended upon him, and in eloquent tones congratulated him on his great and generous heart. They told him how much they appreciated his magnanimous gesture.

"What are you birds talking about?" he demanded.

"We're trying to tell you, Jack," answered Gracie. "You see, Winnie has agreed to come along with us—providing we can get you to okay the trip. You know the poor kid really needs a long vacation. This trip will be just the thing for her."

The Baron was on the spot. He didn't want to appear mean by voicing his disapproval, yet he relished the idea of being left alone in the city for the entire summer not one little bit. He held his decision in abeyance while he consulted with Billy Wells, his script writer.

"Look, Billy," he pleaded, "as a friend of mine please do something to stop this, will you? You know how I feel about being without Winnie for the summer. Maybe Winnie and I will be able to go on a short trip later in the season."

So absorbed were they in their conversation that they didn't notice Gracie Allen spying on them.

Ten minutes later a page boy arrived. "Paging Mr. Wells," he called.

Billy, who had been talking to Gracie and George, trying to dissuade them from their plans, turned. "Yes, boy, what is it?" he answered.

"A gentleman in room 706, Mr. Wells. He says he's a good friend of yours, sir, and has something very important to discuss with you. He wants you to come up for a few minutes."

Wells, puzzled at the strange message, excused himself for a few minutes, and hurried up to room 706. There he was met by two burly looking individuals, who locked the door and seated themselves beside him. "If you know what's good for you," said one significantly, "you'll not make a single move until we tell you to."

"Wait 'till I get my hands on that Gracie Allen," roared Billy. He realized at once what had happened. "Getting you mugs to shanghai me up to this room was a great idea—not?"

Meanwhile, Jack was searching everywhere for Wells, because he was depending upon Billy to bolster his faltering decision. A few hours later, despairing of Wells' return, he capitulated.

As a last-minute afterthought it was decided to include Bavaria in the trip, so that (Continued on Page 17)

His work and his wife's play make Jack a dull boy. Here the bespangled Baron looks on in cruel glee as Mr. Pearl ruminates on new gags to tell the public to get the cash to meet the bills that come from the spouse that Jack wed



My First 30 Years

The Youth Who Had Greatness Thrust upon Him, Tells of His Loves and His Successes Before He Was Called "America's Boy Friend"

Often Buddy would spend his lunch period on the movie lot playing music, forgetting entirely about food. (Below) Buddy and Mary Brian, celebrated movie actress, whom Buddy calls "pretty, gentle, sweet and intelligent," and whom he sees whenever his itinerary brings him within calling distance of where she is

By Buddy Rogers

Little over thirty years ago Buddy Rogers was born in Olathe, a small town in a farming community of Kansas. Son of a newspaper owner, Buddy felt that he was destined for a journalistic career. His induction into a boys' band, as baritone horn player, and his appearance in a successful amateur dramatic performance, changed all that.

During his college years he worked his way abroad on a mule-carrying freighter. He saw a little of Spain, and less of Paris; but he came back with his love of music sharpened and mellowed.

His interest in girls was indifferent. He was content to drift, believing that at the end of his college course some occupation would present itself, and that life would work out for him.

Life did, in a way he little expected. He tells what happened immediately after college in this, the second instalment of his story:

It seems that Mr. S. C. Andrews, owner of the local movie house at Olathe, while at the Paramount Exchange in Kansas City to arrange for films, overheard a bit of news. The great Lasky, as part of a gigantic publicity stunt, was looking for ten boys and ten girls to send through his Paramount Training School in New York, and convert into full-fledged motion-picture actors and actresses.

Mr. Andrews was a friend of our family who had known me since I was knee-high. He, too, had seen my performance in "Clarence" and watched my antics with kid orchestras round and about town.

He told father, and father wired me at Lawrence. The next time I was in or near Kansas City, I should drop in at the Exchange and ask for Mr. So and So. It happened that the band was playing Kansas City the following weekend. I followed instructions. I didn't think I had made much of an impression. I went back to Lawrence and to school.

A week later things began to happen so fast that I can't remember much clearly, except how excited I was. It was in June at the end of my junior year. Final examinations were to begin the next day. Suddenly telegrams began to arrive. And the next thing I knew, a delegation of camera men and staff operators had invaded the University of Kansas campus, and I was making my first screen tests.

Those screen tests were unbelievably bad. I saw them later. They were so bad they were funny. When I tried to register the emotions the director dictated to



me, I simply made faces. Unpleasant faces.

But I didn't know that then. When I went up for the final examinations the next day, I was so excited that I merely scribbled down my name and the first thing that came into my head. I never even went back to see if I had passed.

For immediately afterward word came from Paramount headquarters that I had been chosen as one of the lucky twenty. My only explanation of this miracle is that other screen tests must have been worse than mine.

I went back to Olathe for a few days, and found that I was suddenly a person. Old-timers to whom I had been merely that Rogers kid, stopped me on the street to tell me how much the home town was expecting of me, and how proud it was. Or else they kidded me with: "Well, Buddy, I suppose the next we hear of you you'll be in Hollywood and married to a countess."

I've been in the limelight a great many times since then. Sometimes it has been exhilarating, sometimes it is merely uncomfortable. Always it is a satisfaction to know that people are noticing you and approving your

work. But no limelight is so bright and penetrating as that a small town sheds on its own.

My folks were wonderfully sporting about it. Father, of course, was only too glad his eldest son was having his opportunity. Mother worried a little that I was going so far away, where she could not remind me to keep my ears clean and wear my rubbers. I think she was the only one who really shared my own bewilderment, almost misgiving, at this thing that had happened to me and where it might lead. Mothers are like that.

And so I found myself in New York. The Paramount Training School was a publicity stunt. We became accustomed to the studio atmosphere, learned to call the big lights "broads" and the little ones "babies," and practiced such useful arts as the graceful descent of a stairway, the proper angle of the arm in pouring water out of a pitcher; and we accumulated due respect for the director. Yes, we learned a lot of things, but we didn't learn much about what to do when actually in front of a camera.

When our six months of training were almost up, we made a graduation picture. It was called "Fascinating Youth," and was about a young fellow who had inherited an old hotel that was physically about to collapse and financially in the hole. He decided that publicity of the right sort would save it. Then he hired a bevy of beautiful motion-picture stars to come out and live in it for a while. Business thereupon looked up, and everything ended happily with a final clinch. I was the young fellow.

Never will I forget my sensations the first time they actually started taking the scenes of that picture. Stage fright isn't the name for it. It's the feeling that whatever expression you register, the way you pull your mouth or cock your eyes or crook your little finger is going down to posterity in a form comparatively permanent. I was self-conscious, and I was scared.

It became easier after a while, of course; easy enough so that we could even make something of a joke of it. That, by the way, was one advantage of the silent pictures. You could amuse yourself by telling the object of your frantic and adoring gestures, "I think you're simply terrible!"

But it was never too easy for me. The business of acting before a camera never will be easy so long as they shoot pictures they way they must, a final scene on top of an opening one, and three minutes of action out of the middle after that. It means that you have to summon up a complete set of emotions and expressions every time you go before the camera. You have little or no chance to build up a mood. You dive into it headlong.

"Fascinating Youth" completed, our course of training was over. The picture was released through the ordinary channels and went the rounds of the movie houses and attracted considerable attention. To further its publicity value, all twenty of its cast were scheduled to go around with it for personal appearances. The rest of them went. But meanwhile I had signed up to make my first real picture, "Wings," and was on my way to Hollywood.

I don't suppose I realized yet what was happening to me. I've always been enthusiastic about pictures, of course. I was so overwhelmed with all this sudden success that I didn't stop. (Continued on Page 23)

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The Queen Approaches

New Leaders Mark the Latest Results in the Election of Radio's Queen for 1934, to Be Crowned at the Radio Exposition, Madison Square, This Month

As Radio Guide's gala Radio Queen contest nears a close, Countess Olga Albani, the talented noblewoman of song, vacates the lucky sixth spot position and spurts into the lead with a total of 5,892 votes. Several other contestants have clambered from the sixth spot to the lead, but the Countess has the advantage of rallying just before the contest's deadline. A few days and the results will be known to all!

A scant three hundred votes away is Mona Van, the practically unknown Chicago lass who is waging such a gallant fight to reach the top. Irrespective of whether Mona wins, she's assured of the fact that her name will have been repeated on the lips of radio listeners in practically every city of the country as a result of her appearance and amazing showing.

Rosemary Lane, Leah Ray, Gertrude Niesen, Jessica Dragonette and Harriet Hilliard, all with totals above the five thousand mark, are closely bunched behind the Countess and Mona.

The Radio Guide bandwagon is going to town, folks. The contest is a sensation, and Radio Row is waiting with bated breath for the actual outcome. It's not too late to cast a ballot, so do it now and help send your nominee to the top of the heap!

Radio Guide's search for the Radio Queen of 1934 has reached the point where any one of ten contestants can step out and win the coveted prize by virtue of no more than one good day's balloting!

To the winner will go the greatest honors in radio. The editors of Radio Guide and the sponsors of the annual National Electrical and Radio Exposition will spare no expense to make the coronation scene one of the greatest spectacles in radio history.

During the period of September 19-29 the radio star selected by the host of Radio Guide readers, will be escorted to the most spacious amphitheater in New York City—Madison Square Garden—where thousands of fans will be gathered. There she will be crowned Queen of Radio for 1934.

In addition to the honor and glory attached to the coronation, the Queen will be the recipient of a generous budget which will be lavished upon her. A week at one of New York's finest hotels, and a spectacular round of theaters, night spots and public receptions have been mapped out for her. The expenses of a traveling companion to the queen have been included in this budget; as well as transportation.

Individual balloting on the part of radio listeners and readers of Radio Guide constitutes a nomination in the contest. But every candidate thus nominated must receive at least ten reader-listener votes, cast on the ballot provided on this page. These votes will be counted in her total. The selection of the Radio Queen

Memo Holt, who has been singing with Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiian Hotel Orchestra over KGU-NBC, Honolulu. She is in America to make her mark—and has begun by leaping upward in the race for Queen. Below is Carolyn Rich, NBC singing star whose voice has entertained millions of listeners over many stations



STANDING OF ENTRANTS

Olga Albani	5,892	Mary Eastman	695
Mona Van	5,575	Elsie Hitz	620
Rosemary Lane	5,473	Louise Massey	612
Leah Ray	5,412	Virginia Hamilton	606
Gertrude Niesen	5,287	Honey Sinclair	564
Jessica Dragonette	5,209	Grace Hayes	515
Harriet Hilliard	5,038	Mary Livingstone	510
Ruth Etting	4,760	Maxine Gray	508
Annette Hanshaw	4,221	Mickey Greener	493
Rosa Ponselle	4,116	Myrt (Myrt and Marge)	454
Ethel Shutta	4,015	Mary Steele	451
Dorothy Page	3,831	Peggy Healy	416
Irene Beasley	3,794	Irene Rich	413
Loretta Lee	3,517	Irene Wicker	402
Muriel Wilson	3,384	Judy Talbot	373
Babs Ryan	3,298	Anna Melba	356
Edith Murray	3,273	Emrie Ann Lincoln	329
Sylvia Froos	3,115	Schumann-Heink	315
Jane Froman	2,992	Alice Remsen	314
Doris Shumate	2,813	Roxanne Wallace	297
Shirley Howard	2,808	Arlene Jackson	236
Vera Van	2,649	Vet Boswell	220
Connaie Boswell	2,316	Beatrice Churchill	216
Marion McAfee	2,290	Florence Case	210
Joy Hodges	2,154	Lucille Hall	193
Ruth Lee	2,018	Dorothy Hicks	169
Mary Rooney	1,882	Jane Ace	121
Kate Smith	1,827	Louise Sanders	113
Mary Barclay	1,815	Sue Fulton	107
Dorothy Adams	1,805	Mattie Curran	102
Julia Sanderson	1,763	Mother Moran	98
Carolyn Rich	1,702	Marian Jordan	97
Lee Wiley	1,630	Fannie Cavanaugh	92
Rosaline Greene	1,554	Grace Donaldson	86
Memo Holt	1,531	Ruby Wright	83
Grace Albert	1,510	Joanne	74
Gracie Allen	1,482	Nan Johnson	70
Virginia Rea	1,410	Frances Baldwin	68
Ramona	1,404	Lillian Bucknam	50
Gretchen Davidson	1,388	Dorothy Lamour	49
Joy Lynne	1,363	Elizabeth Lennox	34
Jane Pickens	1,356	Mary Small	34
Linda Parker	1,253	Frances Forbes	32
Alice Faye	1,238	Elaine Melchior	30
Sandra (Dixie Debs)	1,197	Marguerite Huestis	29
Priscilla Lane	1,081	Cynthia Knight	28
Lulu Belle	1,015	Mary Wood	27
Irma Glen	1,012	Martha Mears	27
Marge (Myrt and Marge)	1,011	Patti Pickens	27
Lillian Roth	966	Josephine Loone	25
Gale Page	962	Betty Winkler	24
Jane Meredith	870	Mabel Todd	24
Mary McCoy	858	Dale Nash	21
Gladys Swarthout	827	Ann Leaf	20
Alice Joy	797	Mary Lakey	18
Frances Langford	706	Betty Brooks	16

Radio Queen Ballot

Joint Sponsorship of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition and Radio Guide

My choice is

My name is

I live at
(street and number)

.....
(city and state)

My favorite radio stations, in order of preference, are:

1 2 3 4 5

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard. Mail to Radio Exposition Editor—RADIO GUIDE, 112 Fourth Ave., New York City 9-1-34

rests on the shoulders of RADIO GUIDE readers.

There is but one restriction. Each nominee must have been a regular radio performer prior to June 1, 1934.

You may cast as many ballots as you wish—providing each ballot bears your authentic name and signature. Loyal fans have sent in as many as fifty ballots at a time. Can you say as much?

Fill in the ballot printed here-with. Write into the ballot the name of the person who meets with your conception of a radio queen, and send it to the Radio Exposition Editor, Radio Guide, 112 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember you may cast as many ballots as you wish!

Only One More Week to Vote for Your Queen. Send in Your Ballot NOW!

Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

Second only to the fame enjoyed by Jack Hylton is that of Ray Noble, bandleader in England. You've probably heard the marvelous recordings tossed off by this gentleman's outfit: they are characterized by arrangements and tempos which seem peculiarly suited to American, rather than British, tastes. On the short waves Ray and his orchestra have done a remarkable job of popularizing themselves hereabouts.

It was annoying, therefore, when the announcement that Ray Noble was coming to America in mid-September, to stay for a brief five years, was made, that a lot of self-styled patriots should rise up and say: "The American musicians' union should not allow a foreigner to come in and hog a lot of prestige and dough, and take jobs out of the hands of American musicians." This squawk arose when it became handed about that Noble would put a band into the Rockefeller restaurant in Radio City, and would have access to the networks—which doubtless would lead to his being launched on a commercial broadcast series.

That is exactly what Mr. Noble will do, but there is no reason for enduring a lot of grief about it. We should, and probably will, give his music a warm welcome, and in doing so we need not be disloyal. The truth of the matter is that Noble is not going to take anybody's job away. He is going to create more than a dozen jobs. He is not bringing his famous band with him. He is coming alone, and will organize perhaps a better band here. He has promised that he will employ only American musicians who are now out of work. He will not use units already associated with studios. He is not here for a quick cleanup, but for a long stay—he may remain permanently. And since he is an accredited genius with a band, we should give him a warm welcome and three cheers for making at least fourteen new jobs!

Phillips Lord is back in the NBC fold, with a weekly series coming from his itinerant schooner, despite the fact that two weeks ago the name of the gent was poison to the NBC. John Royal has patched up the feud. The broadcasts from the schooner, it seems, possess a little more realism, probably because the material is better down in the tropics.

Joe Cook's goofy inventions, that give you a cheer on those Colgate parties, are not as goofy as they sound. Twenty people have garnered practical ideas from some of Joe's tomfoolery, and an equal number of models of his supposedly insane contraptions have



been made. A couple of them actually have been put on the market.

This surprising development has given Joe a few inhibitions.

When he works out a new goofy invention for his broadcasts nowadays, he goes over it all a dozen times and then shudders at the possibility that it might really work.

In case it has escaped your attention, it is a fact that only fifteen radio broadcasts out of 180 ever really succeed.

You might want to write it down in the book also that the statisticians have discovered that the average length of a radio program is eighteen and a half minutes. And if you're still awake, how about digesting the fact that daytime audiences are entirely different from night-time audiences in their tastes, criticisms and demands? In 1934 only eighteen programs have become real hits.

The New York audience recently had the promise of a new and successful comedian in Dave Vine, former vaudevillian, who was given an important spot at WOR. During the past week, however, Vine has made two mistakes which doubtless have harmed his radio career. First, he has fallen into a rather cheap imitation of the Joe Penner voice; and, more seriously, he has been making use of crude material.

One instance stands out: It introduced a familiar character—an effeminate man, referred to as a "sissy"—and the ensuing dialogue was unfit for radio. One wonders where the script editors were when that particular dialogue was dragged in.

As one of those persons who demand that radio be kept clean, I think WOR ought to chasten Mr. Vine. We can't have dirty radio at any time, and especially during the crusade by the churches for clean entertainment. It's like slapping the cleaner-uppers in the face. If there were no such smut as Mr. Vine offered on the broadcast mentioned, there wouldn't be any need for reformers.

Some prospective CBS guest-stars, who guessed they wouldn't perform, had to be primed recently by the foghorn tones of Poley McClintock. The reluctant talent, which represented Who's-Zoo in the Bronx, New York, responded nobly when prompted by a voice that literally shook them out of their stubborn lethargy. Curator Lee S. Crandall (rear) watches a cockatoo trying to outpipe the Waring star.

Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

I ran into Jack Benny the other day, just back from Hollywood.

"Well, old pal," I greeted my favorite ether comic, "how does it feel to be back from Hollywood and famous?"

"Famous?" demanded Benny. "Did I understand you to say famous? Let me tell you how famous I am."

He made a wry face, and continued:

"On the way from the coast when the train pulled into Chicago, a girl reporter came aboard. She came up to me and said: 'Are you Jack Benny?' Ah, thought I, the newspapers know me. I guess I'm a big shot. 'Why yes,' I said, 'I'm Jack Benny.' The girl looked at me a moment as though trying to remember something she'd forgotten. 'Well, what do you do?' she asked. I must have sounded like Joe Frisco when I answered her. 'Why . . . why . . . I-I-er . . . I'm on the radio, you know,' I said. 'Yes, that's what they told me,' the girl admitted. 'But I mean, what do you do on the radio?' So I asked her: 'Did you ever hear of Frank Parker?' She said no, she hadn't. Then I asked her if she'd ever heard of Don Bestor. She said no, she hadn't. 'Well,' I told her, 'I help those fellows with their program.' Did you say famous?"

Kilocycle Chatter: "When Lawrence Tibbett returns to the airwaves it will be for the Packard Motor Car Company and not Firestone . . . A pleasant voice I miss on the airlines is that of Shirley Howard—never tired of this swell songstress . . . Georgie Price has been retained on the "Summer Interlude" show for the remainder of the series. Last program is September 17. The following week the sponsors will inaugurate their new "Variety Show" with Bloch and Sully, Gertrude Niesen and the Glushin orchestra . . . Although I didn't hear him on his initial program, those who did are raving about the work of Danny Malone, NBC's new

importation. He can be heard Tuesday and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. over the NBC-WEAF network . . . Ward Wilson, one of the better mimics of the kilocycles, is getting more to do besides just announcing on the Jack Pearl program. Ward recently did five character impersonations during one show and did them all exceptionally well . . . Joey Nash accepts every request to entertain at a benefit, and many's the time he's traveled great distances to lend his services . . . Frank Novak, who directed and adapted the "Wizard of Oz" series, is working on a new script for the same sponsor.

Dick Leibert, the NBC organist, carries \$30,000 insurance on his hands. "And what a time I have on my hands meeting those instalments," Dick moans . . . Robert Simmons, the NBC tenor, has his own private kennel of a various assortment of pedigreed dogs at his country place near Cornwall, New York. Dogs are his hobby, and Bob doesn't hesitate to say the business is a howling success . . . Recently I told how Ralph Kirby enjoyed fishing, and how it was instrumental in getting him on the air. Not until the other day did I learn that although the "Dream Singer" likes the sport, he never eats fish himself—and this fish story isn't a "fish" story . . . Jessica Dragonette's sun-kissed face beamed the night she returned to the Cities Service program from her vacation, for on the stage were huge baskets and bouquets of flowers sent to her by her host of admirers. It took the songbird most of the week-end to read all the telegrams and letters she received welcoming her back to the air.

Jack Pearl is one of the smart people in the professional business. The Baron just took out a \$100,-

000 annuity policy assuring him of perfect independence during that rainy day period . . . Tito Guizar is working on his first feature picture at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. "The Mexican Troubadour" spent a few weeks in Hollywood, but left in a huff because he didn't care to wait around until the movie "smart men" decided what to do . . . After all these years Joe Penner is taking to bathing—I mean swimming. He's getting daily instructions at the Ambassador Lido Pool in Los Angeles. Probably training for a swimming meet with his side kick, good old Goo-Goo, the duck.

Jimmy Melton is no longer a guest of the Fred Allen show. He is a permanent feature, having been signed after a few successful guest appearances. Jimmy, by the way, is the most nonchalant singer in front of a mike that I've ever seen.

He stands up there and sings as if he were entertaining in the living room of his home, instead of singing to the large studio audience present, and the millions of outside listeners.

Last week while playing at a benefit at the City Hospital in Cleveland, Helen Gordon, whom you hear three times a week over the networks with "The Sizzlers," asked one of the tots in the ward if the children ever listened to the radio. The answer was to the contrary, and it wasn't because they wouldn't like to—they just didn't have any radios. That evening good samaritan Gordon informed "The Sizzlers" of the situation.

They all chipped in money, and the following day there were five radios installed in the huge wards so that every child in the hospital could listen to their favorite program. I'll give you three guesses which one it is!

And now to Bermuda, folks. See you in a couple of weeks.

My Two-Score Children

By Milton J. Cross

Radio Children—Come from Where?—Going On to Theatrical Immortality, To College, to Obscurity?—Here's the Truth About Some of Them, Told by One Who Has "Fathered" Them for Years

Radio children . . . you listen to them a few times, utter something about the precociousness of the coming generation, and dismiss them from your consciousness, with never a thought to the comedy, the tragedy, the high spots and the low spots that are in perpetual evidence in back-stage radio.

Do you ever wonder where they come from, these talented kids of the mike? Thousands of them flock into the studios throughout the course of the year, but only a pitiful few succeed in making the grade. There's romance, pathos and comedy in the story behind the story of the child performers of the air.

Imagine a thirteen-year-old girl strolling into the studio, nonchalantly seating herself at a piano and play-

ing perfectly the most difficult operatic arias. Or a seven-year old kid attired in kilts, who walked into a rehearsal and convulsed a group of radio veterans with his inimitable songs and patter. Or a brother and sister, ten and seven years old, respectively, who overwhelmed studio officials by rendering excerpts from several dramatic shows. Or—but I am get-



Patsy Dowd, whose photograph had to be sent to more than eight thousand listeners



Andrew Donnelly, who with his brother Jimmy has appeared with Maude Adams, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny and other celebrities



Winifred Toomey, one of radio's future greats

ting ahead of myself. Let us go back to the very beginning of the children's hour.

Like Topsy, my radio children have "just growned" up. A few of the old-timers are still with the networks. Many have gone off to college to carve other niches in life. Still others have heeded the call of the legitimate theater and vaudeville.

These radio children, two-score, maybe two hundred in number, have intrigued me almost from the start. I say "almost" advisedly. Years ago, when I

first was assigned to a kiddie program, I reported to my chief and flatly refused to become identified with the hour. I loved children, of course, but I felt that the dignity of the leader of the Cross clan was incapable of mingling successfully with the flamboyant spirits of the youthful Thespians.

No false pride keeps me from admitting that I was wrong. Although my job called for straight announcing I find that I've been father confessor, scene shifter, referee and soloist for the young actors and actresses of the kilocycles. The Cross dignity be hanged! I love these kids as my very own, and if anyone tried to usurp my position on the kiddie hour there would be a right merry fracas.

My association with the programs dates back to station WJZ when it was still located on Forty-Second Street, and before it became a part of the National Broadcasting Company. I was assigned to announce a

Sunday Children's program. Somehow the thing got started, and it ran on and on every week until after the NBC was formed. Then it became a national feature. When the merger was complete I went along with the microphones, the pianos and the other studio fixtures. So here I am, still the announcer for this veteran feature.

I say that these children have interested me. They still do. They have been so spontaneous, eager and enthusiastic that the job has proved to be anything but an onerous chore. Despite the early morning hour at which I must dash into New York on Sunday mornings, and despite the noise, the many little collisions and infrequent youthful fights, it has been great fun.

Six years ago a youngish woman strolled into the studio and displayed a little snapshot of her boy.

I blinked my eyes. He was the cutest little devil I ever saw. He was attired in a saucy sailor suit, and his pep and personality gave brilliant life to the snapshot.

I called Miss Madge Tucker, the director of NBC's children's programs. All she needed was one look. "Bring him in, by all means," she told the boy's mother.

Thus little Jimmy McCallion, nine-years old, was brought into the studio. The picture hadn't lied. He was wonderful. He read lines with the feeling and shading of a veteran trouper. He never had acted before in his life. His mother had noted his love for the land of make-believe, and had taught him at home.

Jimmy, now fifteen, was the first youngster to come to our network shows. He appeared in the first kiddie commercial, portraying *Penrod* in "Penrod and Sam." He is the driver and one of the leading performers in the "White Line" broadcasts, and is heard on many other sponsored shows. Thus you see that Jimmy was discovered through a snapshot.

Billy Halop kissed his first girl at the tender age of ten, and so embarrassed was he that he had to shut his eyes to do it! And to make matters worse, the girl was his seven-year-old sister.

About four years ago Mrs. Halop decided that she should do something about her talented children, Billy and Florence. So she dressed the kids in their finest, boarded a train and came to the NBC studios. Once there she demanded an audition—and got it. The kids were grand. So they were given the romantic leads in a kid show. That's when Billy had to kiss a gal.

"If it wasn't for my art, I'd never do it," he said seriously before the broadcast. The kids are still with us. Billy is playing on "Home Sweet Home," and Florence is remembered for her excellent bits on the Wheatenville Program with (Continued on Page 17)

Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

By "The Doctor"

If Your Face Resembles That of Admiral Byrd, You May Learn Much About Yourself from "The Doctor's" Analysis of the Great Explorer



Admiral Byrd's face shows much that a character analyst could detect, that is not apparent to the untutored eye

The people of the world know the achievements and the almost unlimited courage of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, all of which is shown in a very remarkable jaw-line, a powerful, set chin (as an expression of his uncommon endurance) by an individualistic aggression shown in his nose, starting early and quickly to carry him far in individual and mutual endeavor. But few persons have been able to penetrate an almost guarded expression of his emotions and feelings.

As a matter of fact, ambition, in the ordinary sense of the word, had little to do with the accomplishments of this man. The nose is that of a scientist, more interested in natural phenomena than in mechanics, in themselves. This nose, the contour of the brows, the

projection of the unusually oval forehead—all show intense interest in the strange and weird things of nature, as much as they do in problems of utility.

Underneath these, as shown by the mouth and chin, is an intensive, highly-controlled, specialized friendship which is not easily broken. But these regions also have, in the tightened corners of the mouth, a restricted sociability and lack of interest in the "slap-me-on-the-back" kind of social relations.

We know little about this man's social life from personal knowledge, but these indices point out very little of the politician's desire to be agreeable in all situations or to present a "good front." The same indices tell of an enormous sincerity and willingness to stand punishment for any purpose he has in mind.

Admiral Byrd likes to work hard to attain his goal, and possesses the aspirations and the emotions of a man who takes a long look ahead.

There is a positive indication of truly remarkable foresight displayed by the width of the end of the nose. Byrd looks much like Lindbergh in a technical manner, when analyzed. He is not so much a natural mechanic as the "Lone Eagle," but is much more of a constitutional scientist. His natural modesty is greater than Lindbergh's, but he does things which the world wants to know about.

Richard Byrd has a high understanding of other people and a particular, calm disposition; yet we know he is restless and loves activity; for his jaw indicates courage, hardihood and independence.

In the nose are found synthesis, analysis and judgment. All are well developed in this subject. Byrd accepts information conditionally, analyzes it and settles his own problems. He is both practical and theoretical.

The indices of time, system and facts are prominent in this forehead. Its owner possesses high powers of concentration and works methodically. He probably finds little need for carrying a watch.

Does he possess a sense of humor? Yes, but his nature is too exacting to give much time to wit, humor or comedy. On the other hand, it really is difficult to make him display a truly disagreeable disposition.

And this is the story of those aptitudes, weaknesses and strengths which are plainly visible in the face of Admiral Richard E. Byrd to be read by anyone . . . who is versed in the science of character analysis.

Bulls and Boners

Announcer: "Get rid of gray hair and worry forever."—Miriam West, Wilmette, Ill. (August 4; KYW; 10:30 p. m.)

Bill Randol: "Mr. Semmler will be pleased, if that is possible, to play your request."—Sol Fleischman, Tampa, Fla. (August 5; WDAE; 10 a. m.)

Allen Prescott: "And another lady writes to say her hosiery lasts twice as long as her friends."—Marie J. Basile, Long Island, N. Y. (August 7; WEA; 9:55 a.m.)

Larry Harding: "Three hundred men have been killed by conservative estimates."—Edward S. Allen, Ames, Ia. (July 27; WMT; 8:30 a. m.)

Announcer: "Drink one cup before going to bed for one week."—Augusta H. Silver, Chicago, Ill. (July 30; WGES; 9:30 a. m.)

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour.

Flashes of Best Fun

Readers: Dear Auntie Caroline—Is it bad luck to get married on Friday?

Poopik: Why Friday especially?
—Farm and Home Bugle

Jimmy Durante: Meadows, a policeman tells me that you can never arrest a nudist for stealing.

Meadows: Why not, Mr. Durante?

Durante: Because you can't pin anything on them!
—Chase and Sanborn Hour

Uncle Obadiah: The flu is both affirmative and negative. Sometimes the "eyes" have it and sometimes the "nose."
—Hoosier Philosopher

Joe Cook: Over in Russia the other day the first game of polo was played under the Soviet Government. That ought to give the Communist movement a swell slogan. "A polo pony in every garage."
—Colgate House Party

Fred Allen: The dollar is so low in France that the American Express has moved into a basement!
—Hour of Smiles

Hill Billy: I shore do like that last tune we just played. It haunts me.

Jimmy Durante: It ought to. You murdered it.
—Chase and Sanborn Hour

Joe Cook: I see where a scientist has invented a wrist watch with dry ice in it that will keep you cool. Personally, I'd sooner have an ice box that would tell the right time.
—Colgate House Party

Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

Mr. Meadows, Director of the Beauty Guild, Will Bring Further Beauty Advice to the Air Starting Monday, August 27, Over the American Broadcasting System Network—Supplementing His Counsel Here

The question of proper eyebrow shading and arching is a perplexing one to thousands of women. What to do? Shall she shape them into thin hairlines? Shall she have the space over the bridge of the nose wide or narrow? Shall she have them slanting, tilted up or down from the bridge of the nose, or shall she shave them? Is there any method of removing stray hairs from the eyebrow without extreme pain? These are but few of the queries asked by milady.

Shapely eyebrows are important necessities to the careful and beauty-conscious woman, for eyebrows give contour and shape to the face. The perfect eyebrow should start fairly full at the bridge of the nose, and as the line moves to the outer side of the face it should taper off gradually, terminating in a thin line. This tapering of course should not be irregular, and as a consequence great care should be exercised in plucking each individual hair.

Now as to the center space over the bridge of the nose: Extreme care should be exercised here, for the width of this space determines the appearance of the width of the bridge of the nose. The outside point of the eyebrow which is considered perfect, should taper downward gradually from a bow in the center. In other words, tracing this line from the inside point of the bridge of the nose, the eyebrow should taper upward in an arc to the center point, from which point it should gradually taper downward toward the outer edge of the eye. Terminate this outside point exactly

opposite to where the upper and lower lids meet on the outside of the eye.

For eyebrows that are particularly unruly, the only suggestion I can make is to brush the eyebrows every day with a clean eyebrow brush. By doing this repeatedly it will be possible to train the unruly or curly eyebrows into an even contour.

Many women possess eyebrows that will not grow to the proper length; and many times the eyebrow is too light in color and does not properly define the contour of the face. I do not advocate the dyeing of eyebrows, due to the fact that dye is usually quite artificial looking. I suggest the use of a regular wood-en-cased eyebrow pencil. If the eyebrow is too light, go over it a few times with this pencil, repeating the operation until the proper color is attained. If the eyebrow is not long enough, elongate it by the application of the eyebrow pencil, bringing up the color so that it matches exactly. It may take a little practice to achieve the proper perfection, but if you will rest your hand on your cheek as you draw the line, you will find that the touch will be light and even enough.

In discussing eyebrow pencils, I have discovered that many women think that brown is a lighter color than black, when as a matter of fact brown can be made just as dark as black if it is applied heavily. Brown eyebrow pencils should be used only by natural red heads. Black should be used by all other types—the lighter the type the lighter the application.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

Is Your Child a 'Poor Sport'? Let Miss Mack, Director of All Children's Programs for CBS, Tell You What Can Be Done to Help

The extent of a child's sportsmanship depends more or less upon his home environments and his upbringing. Children are notorious mimics. Their keen powers of observation drink in every word and deed. They are quick to imitate every move of the grown-up. Many parents and guardians heedlessly permit their children to witness unfortunate episodes, and thus plant the seeds of various complexes and weaknesses that bear fruit in later life.

The average child is proud of his ability to reach out and duplicate the parental mannerisms. Thus when mother entertains a group of her friends at a bridge party, fluttering about the house seeing her guests' every need and in general being the perfect hostess, sonny is duly impressed. However, the moment the party adjourns, he is subjected to a perfect example of poor sportsmanship, for mother invariably seizes this opportunity to indulge in a few catty remarks about her erstwhile guests. The sharp, caustic and unwarranted observations of his parent penetrate his subconscious mind, with the result that his playmates soon are being subjected to the same backhanded treatment. He passes pleasant hours with his friends, yet returns home and reports uncomplimentary untruths.

Overindulged children are prone also to be bad

Your Grouch Box

Some folks have the misguided notion that it is "ill-bred" to make a complaint. They are the ones who say "don't complain if you dislike a program—turn the dial."

Such people don't know the meaning of the word "democracy." They forget that in this country, governments and radio programs are selected by the likes and dislikes of the majority.

Is there anything you dislike about radio? If so, send your ideas to "Your Grouch Box." Radio is constantly improving. Perhaps your "grouch"—if thus brought to the attention of radio executives from coast to coast—will help remove some rough spot, and add to the joys of listening.

"Pity the rural listener whose local station is slipshod," implores this anguished fan.

Dear Editor: I wonder if, in other parts of the country, listeners suffer as we do here? And if so, why isn't there a revolution or something?

We have a local station here that is just about everything a station ought not to be. Absolutely the only time they ever put on a decent program is when they play records; and while this is most of the time, it is very seldom indeed that even a good record program goes through without the hoarse voice of an untrained announcer booming punk advertising into the listeners' ears for endless minutes.

Now I have read letters from people who say: "If you don't like the program, don't criticize—but tune out the station and get something else." But not only does this advice strike me as being very silly; in my case it is impossible. For the station that I most want to listen to, is located on the dial just a little back of this bad station. And the bad one prevents me from tuning in the good one.

Now I realize, of course, that the whole nation isn't going to mourn just because I can't tune in the station I want—but I'm really writing this letter because I wondered if perhaps, all over this country, there mightn't be thousands of others in the same kind of position I'm in. We've got to stick together, listeners. Nobody in this world helps you very much, unless you make sure to help yourself!

"Down in Missouri"

DISGUSTED

Suspicious of women's voices!

Dear Editor: Women's voices should be tested by a professor before singing over radio.

Avoid jazz music Sunday.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

POLLY HIGNETT

Send your radio grouches to Your Grouch Box, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois. Help improve radio.

sports. The pampered child emerges from the protected sphere of his home and mingles in the street with a group of self-reliant playmates whose prowess at all games is far superior to the coddled youngster's. His lances are dulled. His pride and ego undergo a terrific shock as he is outstripped and outdone at all forms of athletic games. His defense mechanism asserts itself in a boorish manner. He refuses to indulge in any other group games. He holds himself aloof from the gang and sneers at their accomplishments.

The best way to treat children who are poor sports is to show them that poor sportsmanship doesn't pay. Once they understand that they gain little by selfish and unmanly displays, they revert back to normal, wholesome channels. Their sense of fair play must be developed by word and action. Concrete little examples can be offered, which will show them that they are losing many happy hours as a result of their actions. It is essential to take these corrective steps.

One day one of the lads in my troupe came close to disrupting an important play by a display of extremely bad sportsmanship. He was assigned to a fairly important role, but he aspired to the lead. I had no inkling of his thoughts in advance. Had he approached me in a manly, open manner and told me of his craving, there is no question but that I would have humored his whim. He merely accepted his script with a smile and began to plan an underground method of accomplishing his desire.

One afternoon he reported for a rehearsal with a band of other youngsters tagging at his heels. He introduced them as relatives of his, and asked that they also be given parts in the play.

When I refused to entertain his idea, he smiled darkly and dismissed his relatives. He resumed his part in the show, and at each rehearsal always gave a finished and sparkling performance. He plotted his revenge wisely, but not well.



Children who get over being poor sports show their good nature in their faces. Here's one who does

The night of the broadcast was the signal for his outburst of flagrant poor sportsmanship. He took his place and proceeded to bungle every line.

Of course I was furious. But I realized that I had to use tact to show this youth the error of his ways.

And it was simpler than I expected. I merely neglected to cast him in any other parts.

Finally, after several months, he came to me, and tearfully admitted that he had flubbed the show on purpose, and please wouldn't I forgive him.

I relented. This was what I had awaited.

He's been a model sport ever since. He found out for himself that poor sportsmanship does not pay.

Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

If You Think That Superstition Plays Any Part in Maintaining Good Health, Attend Doctor Wynne's Remarks to the Contrary

How superstitious are you? Do you carry your superstitions to the point of believing that magic can prevent and cure disease? There are people who do!

In spite of advances of civilization, superstition persists. I heard recently of a mother whose child had rickets. Instead of busying herself providing proper food for the child, she took him to the coffin of a dead friend and forced the child to rub his hand over the cold, still hand of the dead man. This was supposed to straighten the deformed bones of the child. Of course it did not.

I shudder to think of the children a generation ago whose mothers hung an asafetida bag around the necks of their children and sent them off to school. I marvel that they did not lose faith in the magic substance when their children came down with disease.

I am amused when, at times, I see a diner in a restaurant throwing salt over his left shoulder because he has accidentally spilled a few grains. He is removing the curse of "bad luck" attendant on his carelessness. In years gone by, it really was "bad luck" to spill salt because salt was vital to health of the individual and because salt was not easily obtainable. Today, however, although it is still as necessary to our health, salt is plentiful and cheap.

Many people, even today, wind red flannel bandages around their necks when they have sore throat. Not white flannel or gray flannel—but red flannel. If

red flannel is not obtainable, a red string will do, they believe. I assure you that their restoration to health was not brought about by red flannel—but by the fact that their bodies were healthy enough to withstand the affliction.

In certain rural sections, "pow-wow doctors" still practice their pretense of healing by witchery. A piece of red string waved over the "patient," together with the chanting of unintelligible, meaningless words, is the only treatment. If the patient dies, the "professor" blames the death on evil spirits and goes on to his next unfortunate victim. Luckily, superstitious belief in "pow-wow" and "hex" methods is rapidly dying out.

Superstition has no place in any household, especially where there are growing children. Scientific methods should be used to protect the child against the infectious diseases that so handicap his growth. Measles and scarlet fever should be avoided with all diligence.

Fortunately the ever present disease, diphtheria, need no longer be feared; toxin-antitoxin, given to children as young as nine months of age, endows them with lasting protection. Vaccination protects against smallpox. Typhoid fever has been reduced to only a few cases a year, thanks to careful supervision of water and milk supplies.

This is the modern way science protects the child so that he can devote his full energy to growing. Modern parents put their faith in modern medicine—not in dangerous superstition.

Frank Merriwell's "13"

By Lou Wedemar

The Hoodoo Number Has Been an Omen of Luck for Years to "the Personification of American Youth"



Gilbert Patten—Burt L. Standish who created Frank Merriwell—has escaped his shadow after thirteen years of valiant attempts.

Here, in the heart of the city, the old brick building that once housed the city's first newspaper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, now houses the city's first newspaper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The building is a masterpiece of architecture, with its red brick walls and white columns. It is a testament to the city's rich history and its commitment to journalism.

1. The first step is to identify the main topic of the document. This is often found in the title or the first few paragraphs.

[illegible]

sly, he said, "I don't know what you think I can say here."
put on a pensive face. A member of the press, a newspaper
reporter said, "What are you saying?" Mr. Patten
snarled, "I'm telling you how hard it is to do this job."

At first glance the letter was the number 13. It seemed to me to read "13" and "13". There are just 13 letters each in his name (Robert P. Ten and his son, Ruri L. Staudh). He was 13 years old when his first literary effort, a surreal poem, was published in a

[illegible]

See the following group in New York: In pocket, p. 3
dollars and 100 dollar bill and 100 cents which stamps
No. 1 and 101.

After a few days and which was never found, he deposited the money in a savings account thereafter adding to it by deposits of 3 dollars or multiples of that sum, and in a year he had 13 hundred dollars.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

So a body who has to wait for a Meritwell lead, or a letter. She's a liberator, I can't think coming both are a very good idea. I'm concerned that France is so well done by the speakers that the program will go on again next time, so I can't come well.

Burt L. Standish has escaped from his shadow at last.

The "One Night" Gang

The man on the flying trapeze had nothing on Al Pearce and his Gang. They are the men on the moving picture—the burnforming, radio trapeze who excite the youth of the Pacific Coast, taking the "Avalanche" with them, and giving a purpose to the screaming crowd.

[illegible][illegible]

It is not clear that the above is a good example of a "simple" problem. The problem is to find a function $f(x)$ such that $f(x) = x^2$ for all x in the interval $[0, 1]$. The function $f(x) = x^2$ is a simple function, but the problem is to find it. The problem is to find a function $f(x)$ such that $f(x) = x^2$ for all x in the interval $[0, 1]$. The function $f(x) = x^2$ is a simple function, but the problem is to find it.

Up and Down the West Coast Goes
This Gang of the Air—Their Studio Is
Where They Find Themselves Any Night

Naturally, because of the day-to-day listeners among the 100,000 fans, a new show must be presented at every broadcast. News lines, jokes, and announcements must be written. No other stage show is faced with this problem, and probably no other show of any kind is as fast-paced as this one.

Alors, si l'on se laisse aller, on court de des-
sus les choses, on court vers le mal. La
longue série de crises, les terribles violen-
ces, les épreuves de la guerre, les martyrs, les
vaines batailles, les souffrances, les é-
checs, les pertes, les morts, les espoirs dé-
çus, les désastres, les misères, les souffrances,
les larmes, les sanglots, les prières, les
larmes, les sanglots, les prières, les larmes,

The Power of the Atlantic had their ups and downs, but the first venture was bound to make the going easier. Then I went into book publishing with a first-class deserting this to report on the real estate business in

Sam Farnese. They made almost a million lost it, went on a roller he and finally cracked into a do properly in July. A six six blind six feet tall super, in seven in the middle. The curves, characters, finger Blap the too passive, missing. The in others, are directly in the story, to be noted. The song He is in the end, lives his words find.

A three years' clerk has been appointed as-
 sistant clerk here and is named James A. and
 of the Congregational church here. Able
 and sagacious as are the Messrs. Adams, com-
 mandant John E. and Helen M. James, New-
 ark, are also very young, being only 24 and 25
 years of age. The Congregational text, Mar-
 tyn Lloyd Jones, of New York, and A. S. Deu-
 son, of New York, New York, and J. W. War-
 ner, of New York, New York, and Lee,
 of New York, New York.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.
 I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.

The Musical Murderer

"Calling All Cars"

By Moorehead Green

**Once Again Radio Plays
Its Part Nobly in Trailing
a Desperate Killer Who
Sang While He Killed**

Two men walked stilly in the sem' dark-
ness keeping just one pace beh'nd
each was a thin handsome sm-
iling young fellow who walked with hands
shoved in the pockets of his worn-out
coat. Dead eyes rattled in the gutters of
this little old tree of the dark woods. It
was a still evening of night in November.

A light in pictures taken in this park
yard just after sundown showed the man with no
hand in his pockets.

The rifle, two in front to target his shoulders, and a very

What were you going to do with it? the twine grasped the dainty vertebra to turn his head when he spoke but the hand was gone, as if he were a book. It was not Mr. Folsom's new pair of trousers the snore of Dr. Folsom.

the short term. The three forward rates
described above are all within 1% of each
other.

But once among the stress of busy scriptural study and the other attendants that loomed in the same circle of the year the young people seemed to be forgotten. Peking, coming from his pocket the right to make a sole Mo in a foreign voice. One never can remember the words and had to fill in with tactful laughter and finally the other two had stood with their backs turned toward a ragged, faded wall of ink. Their hands were in the air, while the searchers searched their pockets.

And he said, "You are a couple that
wait time. I can use you in my business."

From the pockets of the seven men he took money, watches and keys. From his own he placed a large roll of adhesive tape, with which he bound the wrists and ankles of the pair. They made no protest, even when he forced strips of tape across their mouths. They sensed that this smiling young man who sang while he robbed, might be just as willing to kill as he sang.

toned the two band t
derly. I...la I m
sorry to have to do this to
you. But I'm going to get
married and I need dough."
The two watchmen said
nothing, which was not re-
markable, since their lips
were sealed with tape. This
flicked the gunman's sense
of humor and he laughed.

The cops'll never get me"

He pulled as he pulled a ring out of his pocket and held it up so that it gleamed in the light from a street lamp. "I'm an escape artist," the orator went on to his audience. "I can do anything. I can even escape from a pattern on a green tin can. I've then been seen seven times in one place long enough to get caught. I lost the ring by slugging a housemaid in the back of the head. Like you guys are. Tomorrow I'll be in the state pen. Well, gotta be going. Adios, fellows." A last, desperate wave of his hand, this ex-convict, this scum of the junk yard, leaving the audience to watch to see the last of the orator's respect and indignity of their position. He sang his little love-song as he



Stern as he looked when he was leaving the courtroom during a recess in his trial.



Members of the Chicago police who followed the three-gunman's trail. (Left to right) Sergeant Smuczynski, Officer Trecker, Sergeant Olson and Sergeant Sprague

Still humming, he strolled a couple of blocks to a traffic light. Here he lounged, perfectly at ease and waited. A car came down the block stopped for the red light.

The smiling bandit stepped forward. The motorist saw him coming, but there was nothing alarming in his appearance. This youthful well-dressed man—probably a college boy—no doubt was going to ask for a ride. He said:

"I want to go to Chicago," said the man.
 "I'm not going to Chicago," answered the motorist.
 "Oh yes, you are," announced the man with the
 smile nonchalantly flipping out a pistol. They went
 to Chicago.

With the utmost casualness, fresh and smiling after

the long ride the gunman dismounted from the car at the corner of Michigan Avenue and 26th Street in Chicago and saved another 15 seconds in which he had none of course. Within two minutes the strangled motorist was on the telephone calling the police. Within another two minutes a radio car had been dispatched to the scene. But the lot with the three guns was nowhere to be seen.

McConville back in Decatur the wires were humming. The watchmen had been found and released. One of them remembered the thugs boast about sagging and taping a box into a car, and stealing everything and dumping it in the garbage. He was puzzled. How did they do it? It was a matter of minutes, and the car was still in the lot. The car was empty, with a few dollars hidden in the front of the seat. O'Brien, a lawyer, said he had not been robbed. He had \$7,000 worth of cash in his car, and had been so glad to find it with him. The tape, he said, was not visible. It was a long time until the car was found. The car was found in the lot, and the car was found in the lot. The car was found in the lot, and the car was found in the lot.

There was this time at least one
woman in the group of demonstrators
on the campus. At the next meeting
of the League, which took place in the
auditorium of the University, the speaker
and the audience were both larger than
at the first meeting. The speaker was
a woman, and the audience was
larger than at the first meeting. The
speaker was a woman, and the audience
was larger than at the first meeting.

It was the following day after midnight. The ask, sister at the White Wax Bar at No. 419 South State Street, Chicago was having with her a visitings. But the waitress, the proprietor, wasn't around. So she called the boy to wait stand in the front of the bar. In the mood she was in, the best of effects in the world. And she had a gun under her arm just in case she side side, but she didn't need it. She was just finishing a story when the door

The one word he gave as he finished his meal he got up out of his middle, nodded away at Ann and strained to the Easter week hymn humming "O Sole Mio." He put his hand in his pocket as if to reach for money. Next instant the waiter saw the round object in the palm of a hand.

“In the morning, said the American, I went down to the water, I jumped right in, and I got out a few minutes later, and I started swimming. She swam and swam, and she shot for shore, then she turned and both of us were empty and my head was with me, we were still on their boat, huh!”

Outside many people were passing. One man dashed in; he was peerless, he really was. I ran away. A crowd began to gather at a reported distance. I didn't stop. He wasn't

[illegible]

New Programs, Changes

(Time Shown Is Eastern Daylight)

Sunday, August 26

The Southernaires Quartet, famous Negro vocal harmony group, noted from coast to coast for their distinctive renditions of songs of their race, will be the *Little Miss Baby* guests at 1:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

"Poet's Golf," a program of poetic readings by *Dick & Rose* with musical accompaniment by *Henry Deutsch*, orchestra replaces the *Windy City Revue* on the CBS network at 5:15 p. m.

Belates and its popular orchestra from the Hotel St. Moritz in New York City, will be the *Hotel Lane* guest orchestra tonight at 10 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Joe Crawford, prominent organist, has returned to a series of programs over an NBC-WJZ network at Sunday evening at 11:15 p. m.

Monday, August 27

Mr. T. A. M. S. Schenck, Executive Director of the World Playhouse, Inc., will be in an address on "The Young Post Six Years Later" over the WABC-CBS network from 3:15 to 4 p. m.

Frank La Folle, orchestra replaces *Joe Crawford* at 4:45 to 5:15 p. m. on the CBS network.

Joe La Folle, orchestra replaces *Joe Crawford* at 4:45 to 5:15 p. m. on the CBS network.

Tuesday, August 28

Sylvia, the most beautiful and well-known came-line has been taken for a series of guest appearances in the *Frank La Folle* program broadcast at 3:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

The *Motion Picture* series, with an entire period of the WABC-Columbia network, from 8:15 to 9 p. m. The *Tramp's*, conducted by *Freddie R.*

move back to their original schedule from 11:15 to 10:30 p. m. at *News and Brigg* after a three-week absence to the regular time of 10:15 to 11 p. m.

Wednesday, Aug. 29

Ann Lee, famous organist, replaces the *Frank La Folle* orchestra on the WABC-CBS network from 3:15 to 4 p. m.

The *Voice of Gold*, featuring *Detlev Aden*, orchestra, show heard every Wednesday at 4:45 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Thursday, August 30

Dick & Rose, famous organist, replaces the *Frank La Folle* orchestra on the WABC-CBS network from 3:15 to 4 p. m.

The *Voice of Gold*, featuring *Detlev Aden*, orchestra, show heard every Wednesday at 4:45 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Friday, August 31

H. L. Hunt, famous organist, replaces the *Frank La Folle* orchestra on the WABC-CBS network from 3:15 to 4 p. m.

The *Voice of Gold*, featuring *Detlev Aden*, orchestra, show heard every Wednesday at 4:45 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Saturday, September 1

A description of the *Frank La Folle* orchestra, show heard every Wednesday at 4:45 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

Hours to Come

Amos 'n' Andy, the famous black face team, returns to the NBC-WJZ network on the *Peppermint* program, September 1, 1935. The program, which has been running since the summer of 1934, is a weekly series of 15-minute episodes, broadcast at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

The *Peppermint* program, which has been running since the summer of 1934, is a weekly series of 15-minute episodes, broadcast at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

over an NBC-WJZ network, from 9:30 to 10 p. m. sponsored by the *W. L. R. Warner Co.*, Albany, N. Y. The program, which has been running since the summer of 1934, is a weekly series of 15-minute episodes, broadcast at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.

The *Peppermint* program, which has been running since the summer of 1934, is a weekly series of 15-minute episodes, broadcast at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.



HEAR

Smilin' Ed McConnell
and his
ACME QUALITY
Paint and PROGRAM

Linx
CLEAR-GLOSS

The Columbia Broadcasting System
Beginning Sunday Evening Sept. 1st
7:30 P.M., E.D.T. on
WABC WABC WABC WABC WABC
WJSV WHP WJLA WJLA
Also every Thursday 12:30 P.M., E.D.T.

will be broadcast over the Columbia channel from 3 to 4:30 p. m. and from 4:45 to 5:15 p. m. The *Saturday* program will also be described over the Columbia network.


Chas. Carleton replaces *May* *La Folle* during the period from 3:15 to 4 p. m. over a CBS network.

The *Detlev Aden* orchestra, under the direction of *Vicor Kolar*, will start a new series of one-hour concerts each Saturday night from 9 to 10 p. m. over the CBS network, replacing the *Robt. Hood Dell* orchestra, the *Paradise* orchestra.



Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator - *Frank La Folle*
The *Frank La Folle* program, which has been running since the summer of 1934, is a weekly series of 15-minute episodes, broadcast at 8:30 p. m. over an NBC-WJZ network.



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Programs for Monday, August 27

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

6:30 a.m. EDT 5:30 EST
WABC News at 6
6:45 a.m. EDT 5:45 EST
AB—Jazz Favorites WFAF WFII
WGTV Jazz Classics
7:00 a.m. EDT 6:00 EST
KDMA Morning Click
WBZ News at 7
7:15 a.m. EDT 6:15 EST
WMAA News
7:30 a.m. EDT 6:30 EST
NBC—Your Local Radio Phone WJZ
Close-Up Parade WABC
WJVA Live Onstage
WVLT I Got the Rhythm
WYAT—The Mitchell Connection
WFLC America's Songwriters
7:45 a.m. EDT 6:45 EST
NBC—Talk and Lawbreakers WFLC
WFI WHC WGY
NBC John Hill and Joe WJZ
WFFI Live Outing
WYAT—William Koster baritone
8:00 a.m. EDT 7:00 EST
NBC Great Phantasy WFAF WFI
WHC WRC
Close-Up Serenade WABC
NBC Music Devotions WJZ WBZ
KDMA WBAL WMAL
WCHS Bill White
WTHL Bob Prosen talk
WCV Maria Cook
WYSA—Dad
WVLA—New's Faith & Prayer
WYAC—Songs Around the Town
WGR Morning Menests
WBAW Morning Clerk
8:15 a.m. EDT 7:15 EST
★ NBC—Landl Time and Write WJZ
WVLT WJZ KDMA WYAT
WCHS Music Devotions
WFEI Service
WYAT Morning Devotions
WFLC—A Word
8:30 a.m. EDT 7:30 EST
NBC—Morning WFAF WGY WCHS
WVLT WJZ WFC WLW WFI
CBS—Morning Parade WABC
NBC From W to W JZ WHAM
KDMA WBAL WMAL
WBZ—Joe Farmer and Nanace
WCB March Music talk
8:45 a.m. EDT 7:45 EST
CBS—Radio Show WABC
WBZ Sunday News
WVLM—Live Thoughts
WOR—Bar Kapovitz
9:00 a.m. EDT 8:00 EST
NBC Morning Glades WFAF WLIT
WRC
★ NBC—Basketball Club WJZ WBAL
KDMA WHAM WVLA WBZ
CBS—Joe Sledge Hooper WABC
WIRZ WOKO WNAC WOKO WCAU
WIAS
AB—Live Trio WIP
WC-H The Morning Shopper
WLIT 4 other live trio
WGY—Annette McCullough
WLW Sat and Pearls harmony
WJR—George Dickey baritone
9:15 a.m. EDT 8:15 EST
NBC Don Halgro WFAF WLIT
WGY WRC WFEI WLW WCHS
CBS—Harmonies Concert WABC
WDRG WJAS WNAC WOKO WLBZ
WCAU
WTHL Breakfast Club (ABC)
WOR Phishin' Enthus
9:30 a.m. EDT 8:30 EST
NBC—Easy Listening songs WFAF
WCHS WTIC WRC
CBS—Merchandise Parade orchestra
WABC WIRC WNAC WCAU WJAS
WIBZ
KDMA Sale and Shopping Service
WEEL Jeep Away Shipping Service
WCV Little Jack Little Orchestra
WVLT—Live
WCR Live Songs Orchestra
9:45 a.m. EDT 8:45 EST
NBC—Music from Core WFAF WRC
WCHS WRC WFI WLW WLEI
CB—Merchandise Parade WOKO
WVLT
AB—Click Clack Littere WIP
KDMA Week end Thoughts
WFEI News
RC—Morning Devotions
WOR—Earlier and Later songs
10:00 a.m. EDT 9:00 EST
NBC Break and of Base WFAF
WCHS WLIT WL WTIC WLW
NBC—Homes of So WJZ WBAL
WMAL KDMA WYSA WBZ
WVLT—Live
WHAM Live on Program
WYAC—Buddy Clark
WVLT—Song
10:15 a.m. EDT 9:15 EST
NBC—America's Act WFAF WFEI
WFI WRC WCHS WRVA WLW
WGY
CBS—Rising Star WABC WOKO
WNAC WMAL WJAZ WJVS WIBZ
NBC Parade WJZ WHAM WBZ
ABS News WIP
KDMA—Sammy Fuller
WYLL Con. Home

10:30 a.m. EDT 9:30 EST
 CBS—*News at 10* WJH
 NBC—*News at 10* WJAF WCHS
 WJZ WBZ
 ABC—*News at 10* WLAF WJL
 WCHS WBZ WFEI
 CBS—*News at 10* WCAJ WJAS
 WOP WONO
 CBS—*News at 10* WCAL
 WOI WBZ WMAZ
 NBC—*News at 10* WJZ WMAL
 KDKA WBZ WHAM WRVA WBAL
 WFFL M. J. 11:55 A.M.
 WGR—*Movie: Breakfast*
 WJAY—*Movie: The Boat*
 W. W. W. W. W. W.
 W. W. W. W. W. W. W.

10:45 a.m. EDT 9:45 EST
 CBS—*News at 10:45* WABC
 NBC—*Movie: The Boat* WJZ WFI
 CBS—*News at 10:45* WABC WJAF
 WJZ WBZ
 NBC—*News at 10:45* WJZ WMAL
 KDKA WBZ WHAM
 NBC—*News at 10:45* WJZ WMAL
 WRVA KDKA WHAM WBAL
 WBZ WJZ
 WHAM—*Movie: The Boat* (5 Min.)
 WJZ—*Movie: The Boat*
 W. W. W. W. W. W. W.

11:00 a.m. EDT 10:00 EST
 NBC—*News at 11* WJZ WJAF WGR
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WRVA WJL
 CBS—*News at 11* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 NBC—*News at 11* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 NBC—*News at 11* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL

11:15 a.m. EDT 10:15 EST
 NBC—*News at 11:15* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 CBS—*News at 11:15* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 NBC—*News at 11:15* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL

11:30 a.m. EDT 10:30 EST
 CBS—*News at 11:30* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 NBC—*News at 11:30* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL

11:45 a.m. EDT 10:45 EST
 CBS—*News at 11:45* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL
 NBC—*News at 11:45* WJZ WJAF
 WJZ WBZ WJAF WJL

Afternoon

12:20 Noon EDT 11:06 a.m. EST
NBC News and Newsday, Central
WAF WFFF WWSH WRC WGY
WTC
CBS—Betty Barthell songs: WABC
WMAL WDate WCAU WJAS WOKO
WLBZ
NBC News and H-H songs: WJZ
WHAM KDKA WBAL
ABC—Newsday Garzausi, violinist:
W P
WRAL—Market Report (10 Min.)
WVZ News
WVA—Woman's Hour
WTV Barnd and Don comedy team
WTR—News on the News
WVLA—Lynn F. Hiers
12:15 pm EDT 11:15 a.m. EST
NBC Newsday and Songsday: WFAF
WVIC WFFF WRC WFIT
CBS—Peter... WABC WAAB
WDP WOKO WMAL WJAS WJCV
NBC—Ch... Sea... tenor: WJZ
WMAL WBYV KDKA
ABC—... Hatters songs: WIP
WBZ—Weather Farmers Almanac
WWSH News Farm Fables
WVA—Martha and H-H
WHAM—Jack Fox, songs
WWSH News and Weather
World Voice of Gold
12:30 pm EDT 11:30 a.m. EST
CBS—Al K... Orchestra: WABC
WOKO WJWS WLBZ WAAB WCAU
WJAS
NBC—Vocal and Solo: WJZ WRVA WBZ
KDKA WHAM WBAL WMAL
NBC—M... M...s: WFAF WRC
WTV WFIT WVIC
ABC—Stock Quotations: WIP
WCH—Sportsman
WFA—Stock Exchange Quotations
WGY Banjo, etc.

[illegible][illegible]

Night

6:00 p.m. EDT 5:00 EST
NBC A) Peasie's Gang. WCAF WLW
WRVA
CBS Peter Blo's Orchestra WABC
WUSA WOKO WAAB WCAU WJAS
WBLC
NBC Three X Sisters WJZ WMAL
WBZ WBAL
KDKA Dan and Sylvia sketch
WCSE News Trade Review, Sports
WBZ The Evening Letter
WGY Evening Brass
WJAM Edward Marx organist
WOL Three Lon children's program
WABC News
6:15 p.m. EDT 5:15 EST
NBC U S Army Band WJZ WBAL
WJAM
CBS-Billy Benson and Sunny Jim
WAB, AAAB WCAU WJZ WBVA
★ NBC-Landt Trio and White: WCAF
KDKA Baseball Resume
WBZ Baseball Resume

[illegible]

Programs for Tuesday, August 28

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible][illegible]

Afternoon

12:00 Noon EDT 11:00 a.m. EST
NBC - ~~F~~ ~~E~~ ~~L~~ ~~S~~ ~~J~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~WJZ~~
KDKA WKAT WKVA
CBS - ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~ones~~ WABC
WNAE WWTB WJAX WJAS WJZY
Woko WJWZ
NBC - ~~the~~ ~~A~~ ~~very~~ ~~strong~~ ~~WJAF~~
WGY WWSH WWTB WWTG WJLH
ABS - Nicholas Garagan violinist
WIP
WBZ - News
WLW Majorie H. Lites
WOR Do You Know?
12:15 pm EDT 11:15 a.m. EST
NBC Mary M... WJZ WBAL
WMA WPVA KDKA
BS ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~b~~ ~~best~~ WABC
Woko WJWZ WJAX WJAS WJAU
WJOC WJZY
NBC ~~the~~ ~~Bay~~ ~~and~~ ~~Saskatoon~~
WJAF WWTB WWTG WJLH
ABS - ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~b~~ ~~best~~ WIP
WBZ - ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~ones~~
WESH News Farm Notes
WGY ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~b~~ ~~best~~
WJAX WJZY
WMA WWTB
WJOC WJZY
12:30 pm EDT 11:30 a.m. EST
NBC - ~~the~~ ~~big~~ ~~b~~ ~~best~~ WJZ WBAL
WJAX WJZY KDKA WBZ WJLH
CBS - ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~ones~~ WABC
Woko WJWZ WJAX WJAS WJAU
WJOC WJZY

12:15 pm EDT 11:45 am EST
 1:00 pm EDT 12:00 Noon EST
 1:15 pm EDT 12:15 EST
 1:30 pm EDT 12:30 EST
 2:00 pm EDT 1:00 EST
 2:15 pm EDT 1:15 EST
 2:30 pm EDT 1:30 EST
 2:45 pm EDT 1:45 EST
 3:00 pm EDT 2:00 EST
 3:15 pm EDT 2:15 EST

[illegible]

Night

601 p.m. EDT 5:00 EST
NPR 1197 P... WABC
WU... WMAM WYOM
K... WABC
W... WABC WJVA WDRB
W...
W... WEEF
W... WIP
W... KRCR
W... Sports
W...
W...
W... Don
W... News

[illegible]

Programs for Wednesday, August 29

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

6:30 a.m. EDT 5:30 EST
WNAI— Sunrise Special Organ
6:45 a.m. EDT 5:45 EST
NBC— Health Exercises WEAF WEEL
WGTV WEI
WOP— Jazz Classes
7:00 a.m. EDT 6:00 EST
KDKA— Musical Clock
WJZ— Mexican Cook
7:15 a.m. EDT 6:15 EST
WNAC— News
7:30 a.m. EDT 6:30 EST
NBC— The Hinsons, xylophonists
WJZ
CBS— Jean Pavaille WABC
WNAI— Folk Songs
WJW— Love Me More
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
WOP— Love Me More (Chorus)
7:45 a.m. EDT 6:45 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WEAF
WJZ WPC WEI
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
8:00 a.m. EDT 7:00 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) organist:
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
WJW— The National Family Prayer
WNAI— The National Family Prayer
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
8:15 a.m. EDT 7:15 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
WJW— Love Me More (Chorus)
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
8:30 a.m. EDT 7:30 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
8:45 a.m. EDT 7:45 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
WJW— Love Me More (Chorus)
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
9:00 a.m. EDT 8:00 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
9:15 a.m. EDT 8:15 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
9:30 a.m. EDT 8:30 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
9:45 a.m. EDT 8:45 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
10:00 a.m. EDT 9:00 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)
10:15 a.m. EDT 9:15 EST
NBC— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ WBC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WBC
CBS— Love Me More (Chorus) WABC
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus) WJZ
WNAI— Love Me More (Chorus) WMAI
WJZ— Love Me More (Chorus)
WMAI— Love Me More (Chorus)

ABX—News (5 Min) WIP
 KDKA—Sammy Fuller
 WBAI—Conn Home
 WOR—Paula Desmond soprano
10:30 a.m. EDT 9:30 EST
 CBS—News (5 Min) WCAU WDRC
 WJAS WOKO
 CBS—Fiddlers 4 WCAU WLBZ
 WOKO WJAS WHAM
 CBS—All Stars (5 Min) WABC
 NBC—News (5 Min) WAF WASH
 WFLA WFTL
 NBC—Fiddlers 4 (5 Min) WEAJ
 WASH WPC WTIC WFI
 NBC—Fiddlers 4 (5 Min) WIZ WBAL
 WMAJ KDKA WBZ WHAM WRVA
 WFLA WFTL
 WJZ—Market Basket
 WSY—Maurice Linder
 WTV—Jazz Brothers Musical Group
 WOR—Steve Smith & Pals
10:45 a.m. EDT 9:45 EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WFEI
 WFI WGY WSH WRC WRVA
 WJZ
 NBC—News (5 Min) WIZ KDKA
 WBZ WRVA WBAL
 ABC—Beatniks WJZ WMAL
 KDKA WHAM WBAL
 CBS—News (5 Min) WABC WYAC
 WJAS
 WBZ—Market Basket (5 Min)
 WHAM—Beatniks (5 Min)
 WJZ—News (5 Min) Trio
11:00 a.m. EDT 10:00 EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WSH WJZ WGY
 CBS—Beatniks WABC
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WJAS WDRC
 WJZ
 NBC—Beatniks WIZ
 NBC—Beatniks WBZ
 WMAL WRVA WBAL
 KDKA WJZ
 WHAM—Beatniks
 WTV—Beatniks
 WOR—Beatniks
11:15 a.m. EDT 10:15 EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 CBS—Beatniks WABC
 WMAJ WCAU WDRC WJAS WOKO
 WJZ
 ABC—Beatniks WIZ WHAM
 WJZ WRVA WBAL WRVA
 ABC—Beatniks WBZ
 WIP
 ABC—Beatniks
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
11:30 a.m. EDT 10:30 EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 NBC—Beatniks WIZ KDKA
 WBZ WRVA WBZ WMAL
 WSH—Market Basket
 WHAM—Market Basket
 WOR—Market Basket
11:45 a.m. EDT 10:45 EST
 NBC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 CBS—Beatniks WABC WYAC
 WJAS WJAS WOKO WCAU WDRC
 ABC—Beatniks WIZ WHAM
 WJZ WRVA WBAL WRVA
 ABC—Beatniks WBZ
 WIP
 ABC—Beatniks
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
12:00 Noon EDT 11:00 a.m. EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 CBS—Beatniks WABC WYAC
 WJAS WJAS WOKO WCAU WDRC
 ABC—Beatniks WIZ WHAM
 WJZ WRVA WBAL WRVA
 ABC—Beatniks WBZ
 WIP
 ABC—Beatniks
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
12:15 p.m. EDT 11:15 a.m. EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 CBS—Beatniks WABC WYAC
 WJAS WJAS WOKO WCAU WDRC
 ABC—Beatniks WIZ WHAM
 WJZ WRVA WBAL WRVA
 ABC—Beatniks WBZ
 WIP
 ABC—Beatniks
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
12:30 p.m. EDT 11:30 a.m. EST
 ABC—Beatniks WAF WEAJ
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 CBS—Beatniks WABC WYAC
 WJAS WJAS WOKO WCAU WDRC
 ABC—Beatniks WIZ WHAM
 WJZ WRVA WBAL WRVA
 ABC—Beatniks WBZ
 WIP
 ABC—Beatniks
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT
 WJZ WPC WMAJ WIT

NBC—More Mystaps' WEAF WFAP
WJW WLW WLIT
ABC—Stock Quotations WIP
WASH—Speedy
WFL—Stock Quotations
WGY—Hangovers
WJW—R. J. Cross, Speaker
WMA—Sports Exchange
WOR—Bud Fisher's Orchestra
12:45 p.m. EDT 11:45 a.m. EST
CBS—Vocalists, Orchestra WJSV
NBC—Dorothy Dandridge WJZ WRVA
WMA—ABAI WMAI
NB—M. M. M. WSH WGY
ABC—H. C. C. M. WIP
WMA—L. C. C. M. WIP
WJZ—D. C. C. M. WIP
WFL—D. C. C. M. WIP
WFL—D. C. C. M. WIP
WFL—D. C. C. M. WIP
1:00 p.m. EDT 12:00 Noon EST
CBS—Vocalists, Orchestra WAB
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
1:15 p.m. EDT 12:15 EST
NBC—M. M. M. WEAF WRC
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
1:30 p.m. EDT 12:30 EST
NBC—M. M. M. WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
1:45 p.m. EDT 12:45 EST
CBS—Vocalists, Orchestra WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
2:00 p.m. EDT 1:00 EST
NBC—M. M. M. WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
2:15 p.m. EDT 1:15 EST
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
2:30 p.m. EDT 1:30 EST
NBC—Home Sweet Home WJZ
CBS—Home Sweet Home WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
2:45 p.m. EDT 1:45 EST
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
3:00 p.m. EDT 2:00 EST
NBC—Home Sweet Home WJZ
CBS—Home Sweet Home WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
3:15 p.m. EDT 2:15 EST
NBC—Home Sweet Home WJZ
CBS—Home Sweet Home WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
3:30 p.m. EDT 2:30 EST
CBS—Home Sweet Home WJZ
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA
WMA—WMA WMA WMA WMA

NBC—Woman's Radio Revue: WFAP
WRVA WGY WEII WEI WRC WVIC
WMAL WCHS
AB—Stock Quotations: WLP
WLW—Water Funnies and Organ
WRVA—Various
3:45 p.m. EDT 2:45 EST
NBC—Joe White tenor: WJZ WMAL
WHAM WPIA WBAL
AB—Columbia Music: WLP
KDKA—Herald Values
WBAL—Herald
WBZ—American News
WVA—Folk Songs
WOR—Folk Tenor: Harrison
4:00 p.m. EDT 3:00 EST
NBC—Pop Concert: WFAP WGY
WEI WCHS WR VA WVIC
CBS—The Village Green: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
NBC—Lester Bess: WJZ WBAL
KDKA WBZ WHAM WMAL WLW
AB—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—The Apple Pickers
WEI—Stock Quotations
WGY—Folk Songs: Folk
WVA—Folk Tenor
4:15 p.m. EDT 3:15 EST
NBC—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
4:30 p.m. EDT 3:30 EST
NBC—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
★CBS—Science Service: WABC WJAS
WOK WVA WJZ
AB—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
4:45 p.m. EDT 3:45 EST
NBC—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
5:00 p.m. EDT 4:00 EST
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
5:15 p.m. EDT 4:15 EST
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
5:30 p.m. EDT 4:30 EST
NBC—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
5:45 p.m. EDT 4:45 EST
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
5:55 p.m. EDT 4:55 EST
CBS—Folk Songs: WABC
WOK WVA WJZ
KDKA—Folk Songs: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP
WVA—Folk Tenor: WLP

[illegible]

Programs for Thursday, August 30

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

The work must bear a religious name
and the composer must come with his
work to the school to see how it fits.

The priest of Art and Love, his two
brothers, the Sages, will be heard.

On Thursday August 30 at 8.15 p.m., the second of two days' concerts includes Brahms' 4th Symphony, Debussy's 'Afternoon of the Faun' and Beethoven's 'Queen Mary' overture.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Continue the fascinating account of Buddy Rogers' Thirty Years in next week's issue of RADIO GUIDE. In it he tells of his work with motion pictures, how he started his band, reveals details hitherto unpublished of his personal life, recounts the hardships and the triumphs he has known since his screen idolization. It's in RADIO GUIDE dated Week Ending September 8.

[illegible]

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28x4-40	2.40		28x4-40	3.35	
28x4-40	2.45		28x4-40	3.35	
28x4-40	2.50		28x4-40	3.40	
28x4-40	2.55		28x4-40	3.40	
28x4-40	2.60		28x4-40	3.45	
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28x4-40	2.70		28x4-40	3.75	

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28x4-40	2.45	28x4-40	3.45
28x4-40	2.55	28x4-40	3.65
28x4-40	2.65	28x4-40	3.75
28x4-40	2.75	28x4-40	3.95

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30x6-15	4.25	30x6-15	5.75
30x6-15	4.25	30x6-15	5.75
30x6-15	4.25	30x6-15	5.75

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30 DAY NEW GUARANTEED

DEALERS WANTED

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8:45 p.m. EDT 7:45 EST
 WBAL WMAR WYLB
 9:00 p.m. EDT 8:00 EST
 ☆ NBC-Waltz Time; Frank Munn,
 Victor Soud, Orchestra WFAT
 WSHN WLIB WGY WRC WLW
 WIII
 ☆ CBS-California Melodies WABC
 WWSA WOKO WCAU WNAC WLBZ
 WJLA WJAS
 NBC-Paul Horne's Orchestra, Leah
 Ray WJZ WBZ KDKA WBAL
 WMM WMAL
 WOR The Voice of the
 9:15 p.m. EDT 8:15 EST
 WJW-Melba Hope Comedy
 WBAE E. J. Meehan
 9:30 p.m. EDT 8:30 EST
 NBC-Edgar Noble Soud, Pick and
 Lo WFAT WLIB WSHN WITC
 WGY WJZ
 CBS-Edgar Noble Soud WABC WJAS
 WOKO WYLB WYLB WLBZ WJLV
 WMA
 ☆ NBC-Paul Baker, Irene Beasley;
 Orchestra WJZ WBZ WBAL KDKA
 WJLA WJAS
 WJZ E. J. Meehan
 WJLV E. J. Meehan, Orchestra

*Programs to
Be Heard*

10:00 p.m. EDT 9:00 EST

★ **NBC**—All Star Football Game WZ
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL
★ **CBS**—Colone Stoopnagle and Budd
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL
WBAL
★ **NBC**—First Nighter; WEAF WASH
WEAF WBAL WBAL WRC WGY
WBAL Dance Orchestra
WBAL History

10 15 p.m. EDT 9 15 EST

WBAL Music from the Orchestra WIP
WBAL WBAL
WBAL Music from the Orchestra
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL

10 30 p.m. EDT 9 30 EST

★ **NBC**—Chicago Symphony Orchestra
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL

10 45 p.m. EDT 9 45 EST

★ **NBC**—Red Ernest London Talk
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL
WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL WBAL
WBAL Music from the Orchestra

Friday, August 3

11.00 p.m. EDT 10.00 EST

NBC — George R Holmes WEAF
WTO WHC WLIT
CBS — E. Murray songs WABC
WDRR WRDZ WFAS WAAB WJSV
NBC — The Easy's Orchestra WJZ
WBAL WMAL WHAM
KDKA — Smart Slants
WBZ — Lester L Barnes
WLA — A Scott
WOH — Orchestra
WEFL — Scores
WGL — The Cardinals
WLW — Med Mysteries
WNAU — News
WOL — The Easy's Orchestra
WFAX — Key City Key

11.15 p.m. EDT 10.15 EST

NBC — George R Holmes WEAF WTC
WTO WHC WLIT WHC
CBS — E. Murray songs WABC
WDRR WRDZ WNAS WFAS WJSV
WOL WRDZ
NBC — The Easy's Orchestra KDKA
WBZ

1 *Continued from
Preceding Page*

ABS—Lido 4 Orchestra WIP
WHAM News
WRVA—Lido 4 The Macaron
11:30 p.m. EDT 10:30 EST
NB—Free 4 Music Orchestra
WEAF WEET WJLB WJLT WCFB
★ NBC—All Star Football Game: WJLB
WHAM WEET WJLB
AB—Blue 4 Bad WIP
KRLA De 4
WCFB—New 4 Orchestra
WJLT—
WOL—Lido 4 Orchestra
WRVA—Lido 4 Orchestra
11:45 p.m. EDT 10:45 EST
CBS—Blue 4 Baritone Orchestra
WABQ WABC WJLB WJLT WOKB
WEAF
NBC—Lido 4 Baritone Orchestra
WJLT WJLB WJLT WJLB WJLB
12:00 Mid. EDT 11:00 p.m. EST
CBS—Lido 4 Baritone Orchestra
WABQ WABC WJLB WJLT WOKB
WJLT
NBC—Blue 4 Baritone Orchestra
WJLT WJLB WJLT WJLB WJLB

12:00 P. M. _____ Orchestra: _____
 ABC _____ Orchestra: WJZ
 WKZ _____ Orchestra: WJW
 WBZ _____
 WIC _____ Orchestra: WIP
 WCY _____ Orchestra: _____
 WCR _____ Orchestra: _____
 12:15 a.m. EDT 11:15 p.m. EST
 CBS _____ Orchestra: _____
 WABC _____ WCAU _____ WNAC
 ABS _____ Orchestra: WIP
 WIM _____ (NBC)
 12:30 a.m. EDT 11:30 p.m. EST
 NBC _____ AFAP
 WCY _____ WJZ _____ WBYA
 (NBC) _____ WABC
 WJW _____ WJW
 ABC _____ WJZ
 KDMA _____ WJW
 ABN _____ WIP
 12:45 a.m. EDT 11:45 p.m. EST
 ABN _____ WABC
 1:00 a.m. EDT 12 Mid. EST
 CBS _____ WABC
 WJW _____
 1:30 a.m. EDT 12:30 EST
 WJW _____
 2:00 a.m. EDT 1:00 EST
 WJW _____ Moon River organ and piano

Friday, August 31

Continued from
Preceding Page

ABC II _____ Orchestra
AT _____
ABC E _____ Orchestra WIZ

(Continued from Page 11)

414 South State Street, a restaurant. Go to 414 South State Street . . ."

The police radio alarm—that marvel of 20th Century science, made possible by diligent and honest research workers, was broadcast before Stein could have gone a city block. Dozens of people pointed out the direction in which he had gone—but once again the man who could vanish like Houdini, had done just that.

He did it again the next night from a restaurant on North Halstead Street—and the night after that he burglarized a store and an apartment in the same building, and was away before the radio dragnet could close around him. So far this laughing killer had committed a crime a day—like a sort of devil's Boy Scout doing a daily bad deed. Now he really went to work.

That same night—after his double burglary—Stein was standing under the roaring tracks of the elevated railway at Lake and Wabash Streets, in Chicago, holding up a tabloid newspaper—but not reading it. He was looking over it at a handsome, maroon-colored Buick sedan with a Wyoming license. A well-dressed, respectable man and woman were just getting in.

"O sole mi-o-o," sang the blond killer as he stepped forward and threw his paper away. He gave one swift look around. The bright and busy corner was thronged with cars, taxis, pedestrians. Overhead the "L" rumbled again. A traffic-policeman on the opposite corner blew his whistle.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Stein, just as the lady was closing the door of the sedan. In front of her face he thrust one of the badges he had taken from the night watchman in Decatur. "What is your name, sir?"

"Rouse—John E. Rouse," replied the puzzled but law-abiding citizen behind the wheel. He did not doubt Stein was an officer. Stein squeezed in beside Mrs. Rouse—flipped out his gun and pressed it into her side.

"This is a stickup, see?" he snapped. "Drive—or I shoot!"

On a dark and lonely road on the outskirts of the city, where he had made them drive, Stein bound both man and wife with adhesive tape, after robbing them. "I'm working pretty hard these days," he told them, with great good humor. "You see, I'm going to get married, and a guy needs dough when he's getting married, don't you think so? O sole mi-o-o, ta-ya-ta-ta-ta!" To the strains of this touching little lullaby, the musical murderer carefully tucked husband and wife in with their own automobile rug.

The First Weak Link

"This'll keep you snug and tight all night," he said and drove happily away in their car. He was singing "ta-ya-ta-ta-ta" at the top of his voice as he and the Buick vanished down the road in the darkness.

But Stein had made his first real error. He didn't double-tape his victim.

Rouse became frantic. A night of exposure in November weather—what might that not do to his wife? Madly he tugged at his bonds—quickly freed himself and Mrs. Rouse. As a result, the radio alarm went out hours before Stein expected it.

"Calling all cars—calling all cars—be on the lookout for a maroon Buick sedan, stolen by an armed bandit. Calling all cars . . ."

The maroon Buick drove smartly up to a gas station on West 95th Street. "Fill 'er up!" Stein said pleasantly to Ed Danford. "And shell out!" he added, jerking up his gun when the tank was full. "This is the life," he said as he drove away. "Tell 'em Houdini the second got your o-day. O sole mi-o!"

And so another radio call went out: "Calling Car 34—Calling Car 34—Go to 1608 West 95th Street. A bandit in a maroon Buick sedan has just held up a gas station at 1608 West 95th Street. All cars be on lookout for . . ."

So Stein headed east on 95th St. And in a few minutes—after Ed Danford, the gas station attendant had been inter-

viewed—Car 34 was nosing along behind; many blocks behind, but still on Stein's trail. It was a slim clue, but Sergeant Florian Smuczynski, who was in charge of the radio squad car, followed a route which he thought the bandit might have taken through that part of town.

Far up ahead of them, Stein suddenly parked. He had noticed a dimly lighted tavern and decided that money might be there.

The proprietor and seven customers glanced at the door as Stein entered. He came in smiling and humming, looked the place over swiftly and jerked out his gun.

"All right, boys," he said and chuckled. "Line up." With their hands in the air, they obeyed. Stein took them one by one and, with amazing deftness, lifted watches and money. He was just taking the cash from the till, when, far away but coming closer, sounded the wail of a squad car's siren.

Stein stopped dead. He knew that he had left the stolen car in the street with the engine running, parked on the wrong side. He sensed that by now, a description of the car must have been broadcast. Suddenly he laughed.

"I'm too smart for 'em!" he said exultantly. "Here, you guys—get into that little room over there—" He pointed to a small back room that stood open.

"We can't all get in th—" began the proprietor.

"Get in there!" rasped Stein, poking unmercifully with the hard muzzle of the gun. The siren was coming closer now. All eight men were trying to get into the tiny room. Stein put his shoulder against the last one, shoved, and closed the door upon them.

A Genial Barkeep

"If one of you makes a peep," he shouted, "I shoot through the door!" Working with almost superhuman strength and speed, he pushed barrels and boxes against the door. "O sole mi-o-o-o!" he sang as, leaping behind the bar, he donned a white apron, snatched up a glass and a towel. The siren wailed outside.

Stein was polishing glasses when—as he expected—the police came in. He looked up, smiled.

"How are you, fellows?" he inquired blandly. "If there's anything you want, make it snappy. I'm just closing up." Nodding a greeting to this "barkeep," two policemen walked to the back of the saloon, peering. One—Officer John Trecker—stayed at the door.

Stein came from behind the bar. Humming casually, he tried to pass Trecker. The policeman thought this strange.

"Just a minute," he said, still with no thought that this might be the man they were seeking. "Where are you going?"

"Get out of the way," snarled Stein, "or I'll give it to you!" He reached for his gun. Trecker leaped on him—the other policeman came running and Stein dropped, stunned with a gun-butt.

Radio had caught Stein—but it wasn't through with him yet. So far, there was nothing to connect him with the State Street murder. On the morning that he was being taken to Felony Court—while he was actually in the squad car—a radio call came for that particular car, directing its officers to bring Stein to the office of the Chief of Detectives.

There, Stein was confronted with the evidence that his fingerprints had been found on a ketchup bottle and a water glass in the White Way Bar, where Broxmell the cook had been murdered.

Stein confessed. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 99 years for murder.

It came out at the trial that he had been an escape artist—as he had claimed—with a circus. Also he had served time in the Indiana Reformatory and the Montana penitentiary. He was 24 years old.

"You are a dangerous man," the judge told him, in passing sentence. "I have no doubt that right now you are scheming how you will work your way out of the penitentiary."

Stein just grinned. As they led him

away he was still humming "O sole mio." He has a long time to hum it!

The name and identity of the girl he intended to marry never were disclosed.

In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE

The Bandits of Burr Oak

They held up a bank, those three desperados, and got away with a fortune.—But they didn't count on the power of Radio—nor did they realize that a man cannot be buried in sand and stay alive! Read this thrilling story in RADIO GUIDE, issue dated Week Ending September 8.

Name-the-Stars Entries Swamp

Competitors—as well as judges—are waiting impatiently while scores of tabulators are busily engaged in separating the thousands of entries received in Radio Guide's "Name the Stars" competition.

From every state in the union, as well as from Canada and many foreign lands, these entries have come in by the myriad. So voluminous has been the response to this contest that it has been necessary to engage an extra force of trained workers to sort and compile the answers received. Two and sometimes even three shifts are working day and night to prepare the returns for the judges, into whose hands this tremendous total of solutions soon will be placed.

Many of the solutions are strikingly interesting. Large numbers are presented uniquely—in the style of electrical displays, mechanical devices, and other moving or decorative forms. While this ingenuity is appreciated, the rules of the contest are such that no special consideration can be given in such cases.

A striking example of this cleverness in presentation is furnished by a large display prepared in the form of a giant copy of Radio Guide, which opens to reveal the solutions to the many puzzles, and which lights up electrically.

Another interesting device is made of metal, somewhat in the form of the Eiffel

Tower of France. It stands several feet in height, and the solutions are hung on brackets which revolve on a central swivel.

Another device, extremely intricate, revolves when propelled by an electric motor. It carries advertising messages which turn and change on cylindrical wooden rollers.

Judging of these and the tens of thousands of other entries will go forward at an early date—just as soon as the tabulators have completed their work of preparing this colossal mass of material. Announcement of the winners will be made in RADIO GUIDE in an early issue.

Lulu Belle



SHE IS THE BELLE OF THE
BARN DANCE

Every Saturday Nite

The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Hear It Over

24 NBC STATIONS

COAST-to-COAST

Over 40 Radio Artists including the Cumberland Ridge Runners, Linda Parker, Maple City Four, Spare Ribs, Bob Ballantine, Hoosier Hot Shots, Uncle Ezra, Louise Massey, Mac and Bob and the Westerners. A rollicking program of old time singing, dancing and homespun fun. Brought to you direct from WLS, Chicago, every Saturday night over station

WJZ-WBZ

10:30 P.M., E.D.T.

SPONSORED BY ALKA SULTZER

'HOUSEWIVES'

Work one pleasant hour daily in YOUR own home. Earn up to ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS monthly! Immediate pay. No experience. Nothing to buy or sell. Offer limited to your district. ONLY EXPENSE 2 dimes for detailed instructions. Send 2 dimes now! FREED'S COMPANY 5053 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The yearly subscription price is \$2.00

(\$3.00 yearly in Canada; \$4.00 yearly in foreign countries)

RADIO GUIDE
423 Plymouth Court
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$_____ for which send RADIO GUIDE to me for (six months) (one year)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

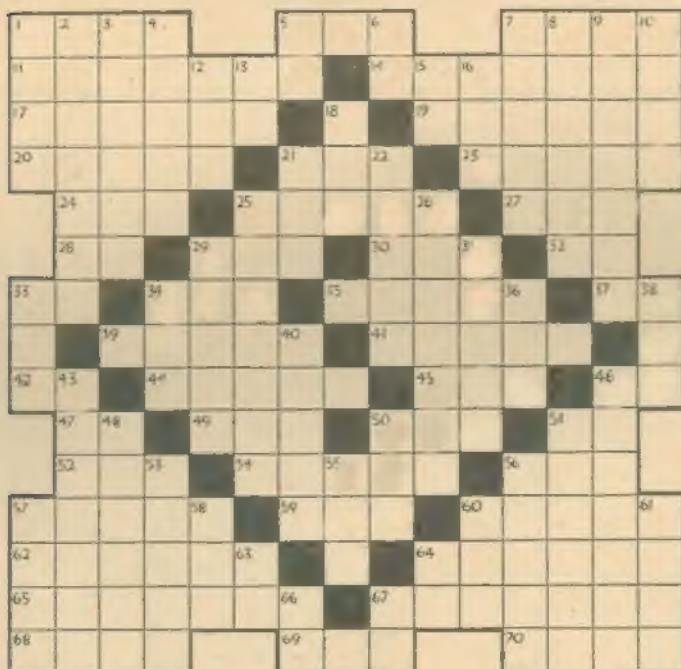
TOWN _____ STATE _____

Program Locator

(In Eastern Daylight Time. Subtract One Hour for Eastern Standard Time)

A. C. Spark Plug Co. See Raymond Knight	Crocker, Betty, talk NBC-WEAF 10:45 a.m. Wednesday & Friday	Jolson, Al, singing comedian NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Princess Pat Players NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Monday only
Academy of Medicine CBS-WABC 10:45 a.m. Thursday only	Crumit and Sanderson, songs CBS-WABC 5:30 p.m. Sunday only	K-7 Spy Story NBC-WEAF 7:00 p.m. Sunday only	Radio City Symphony NBC-WJZ 12:30 p.m. Sunday only
Accordiana CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Tuesday only	Cutex See Phil Harris' Orchestra	Kennedy, John B., news NBC-WEAF 4:00 p.m. Sunday only	Radio Guild, drama NBC-WJZ 3:00 p.m. Monday only
Airbreaks NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Friday only	Death Valley Days, sketch NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Thursday only	(Continental Oil Co.) NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Wednesday only	Real Silk Hosiery Mills, See Previn's Orch.
Album Familiar Music NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Sunday only	Denny, Jack, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Wednesday only	King, Wayne, Orchestra CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Sunday & Monday NBC-WEAF 8:30 p.m. Tuesday & Wednesday	Reiser Co. Inc. See Friend of the Family
Allen, Fred, comedian See Town Hall Tonight	Detroit Symphony CBS-WABC 3:00 p.m. Sunday only CBS-WABC 4:00 p.m. Tuesday only CBS-WABC 9:15 p.m. Wednesday only CBS-WABC 9:00 p.m. Saturday only	Knight, Raymond, comedian NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Saturday only	Reisman, Leo, Orchestra; NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Phil Ducey, baritone Tuesday only
Ames, Mary Ellis, talk CBS-WABC 11:00 a.m. Wednesday and Friday	Dixie Circus CBS-WABC 6:45 p.m. Monday only	Kraft Phoenix Cheese See Paul Whiteman's Orchestra	Revolving Stage NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Monday only
Armour Co. See Phil Baker	Dreams Come True NBC-WEAF 3:00 p.m. Monday & Thursday	Lady Esther Co. See King's Orchestra	Rich, Irene, sketch NBC-WJZ 7:30 p.m. Wednesday only
Armstrong, Jack, sketch CBS-WABC 5:30 p.m. Daily except Sunday	Dr. Miles Laboratories See Nat'l Barn Dance	Landt Trio and White NBC-WEAF 8:15 a.m. Daily except Sunday	Richman, Harry, songs NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Wednesday only
Arnold, Gene, commentator NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Sunday only	Dragonette, Jessica, soprano NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Friday only	(Parmelee System, Inc.) NBC-WEAF 6:15 p.m. Mon., Wed. & Friday	Rogers, Buddy, Orchestra CBS-WABC 9:00 p.m. Sunday only
Bab-O, Little Miss See Mary Small	Durante, Jimmy, comedian NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Sunday only	Lavender and Old Lace CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Roth, Lillian, contralto CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Monday only
Baker, Phil, comedian NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Friday only	Echoes of the Palisades NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Thursday only	Leaf, Ann, organist CBS-WABC 1:00 p.m. Sunday only CBS-WABC 3:00 p.m. Wednesday only CBS-WABC 2:00 p.m. Thursday only	Sal Hepatica See Town Hall Tonight
Batchelor, Billy, sketch NBC-WEAF 6:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Ellison, Jane, talk CBS-WABC 11:45 a.m. Wednesday only	Little Orphan Annie NBC-WJZ 5:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Salt Lake City Tabernacle, CBS-WABC 11:30 a.m. (Church Services) Sunday only
Barthell, Betty, songs CBS-WABC 12 noon Mon., Wed. & Friday	Ex Lax Co. See Summer Interludes	Lombardo, Guy, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Schlitz Brewing Co. See Stoopnagle and Budd
Barton, Frances Lee, talk NBC-WEAF 11:15 a.m. Thursday only	Fels and Co. See Allen Prescott Wife Saver	Lucas, Nick, songs CBS-WABC 6:00 p.m. Sunday only CBS-WABC 11:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Schumann-Heink, Madame NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only
Baseball Resume NBC-WEAF 7:00 p.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. See Voice of Firestone	Luxor, Ltd. See Talkie Picture Time	Show Boat, variety NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Thursday only
NBC-WEAF 11:00 p.m. Sunday only	First Nighter, drama NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Friday only	Lyman, Abe, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Friday only	Silver Dust Serenaders CBS-WABC 7:30 p.m. Mon., Wed. & Fri.
Bauer and Black See Singing Stranger	Fitch, F. W. Co. See Wendell Hall	Frank Munn, Muriel Wilson Tuesday only	Singing Stranger, vocalist NBC-WJZ 4:15 p.m. Tuesday & Friday
Bayer Aspirin See Lavender and Old Lace	Fleishmann Yeast See Vallee's Variety	Major Bowes Family NBC-WEAF 11:30 a.m. Sunday only	Sinclair Minstrels NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Monday only
Beale Street Boys, quartet CBS-WABC 2:30 p.m. Sunday only CBS-WABC 7:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Ford Motor Co. See Waring's Orch.	Marine Band NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Friday only	Small, Mary, songs NBC-WEAF 1:30 p.m. (B. T. Babbitt Co.) Sunday only
Beasley, Irene NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. (Armour Co.) Friday only	Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood, sketch CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Marrow, J. W. Co. See Cadets Quartet	Smith, Kate, songs CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Mon., Thurs. & Fri.
Beauty Box Theater NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Garber, Jan, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 8:00 p.m. Monday only	Marshall, Everett, baritone CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Wednesday only	Soconyland Sketches NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Tuesday only
Benny, Jack, comedian NBC-WEAF 10:30 p.m. Friday only	Gene and Glenn, comedy NBC-WEAF 7:15 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	(Schlitz Brewing Co.) CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Friday only	Songs and Stories NBC-WJZ 4:15 p.m. Monday only
Benson, Bobby, songs CBS-WABC 6:15 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	General Mills Inc. See Betty and Bob	Maxine, Ensemble CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Stoopnagle and Budd, comedy CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Friday only
Betty and Bob, sketch NBC-WJZ 4:00 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	General Foods Corp. See Frances L. Barton Betty Crocker	Merry-Go-Round, variety NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Sunday only	Studebaker Sales Corp. See Richard Himber's Orchestra
Bill and Ginger, songs CBS-WABC 10:15 a.m. Mon., Wed. & Fri.	Gerber Co. See Madame Schumann-Heink	Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. See Health Exercises	Summer Interlude CBS-WABC 9:30 p.m. Monday only
Bi-Si-Doi See Everett Marshall	Gillette Safety Razor Co. See Gene and Glenn	Modern Food Process Co. See Songs and Stories	Sun Oil Co. See Lowell Thomas
Blue Monday Jamboree CBS-WABC 12 mid. Monday only	Gluskin, Lud See Summer Interlude	Moore, Betty, talk NBC-WEAF 11:30 a.m. Wednesday only	Talkie Picture Time NBC-WEAF 3:00 p.m. Sunday only
Bond Bread Bakers See Crumit and Sanderson	Gold Dust Corp. See Silver Dust Serenaders	Morris, Phillip, Co. See Reisman's Orch.	Tasteyest Theater NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Sunday only
Bordens Sales Co. See Jane Ellison	Gold, Empire Co. See Devora Nadworney	Mueller, C. F. Co. See Bill and Ginger	Tender Leaf Tea See Jack Pearl
Bordani, Irene, songs NBC-WEAF 7:45 p.m. Thursday only CBS-WABC 7:15 p.m. Monday only	Goodrich, B. F., Rubber Co. See Baseball Resume	Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo See Lillian Roth	Thomas, Lowell, news NBC-WJZ 6:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.
Breakfast Club NBC-WJZ 9:00 a.m. Daily except Sunday	Gordon, Dave, Bunny, trio CBS-WABC 5:45 p.m. Monday & Wednesday	Musical Memories NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Today's Children, sketch NBC-WJZ 10:30 a.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.
Breen and de Rose, songs NBC-WEAF 10:00 a.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Grape Nuts See Byrd Expedition	Nadworney, Devora, NBC-WEAF 1:45 p.m. contralto Sunday only	Town Hall Tonight NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Wednesday only
Bristol Meyers Co. See Town Hall Tonight	Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co. See Horlick's Gypsies	National Barn Dance NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Saturday only	True Story Court of Human Relations CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Friday only
Buck, Frank, adventures NBC-WJZ 7:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Gulf Refining Co. See Headliners	Nat'l Farm and Home Hour NBC-WJZ 1:30 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Twenty Mule Team Borax, See Death Valley Days
Byrd Expedition CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Wednesday only NBC-WEAF 11:30 p.m. Sunday only	Hall of Fame, variety NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	One Man's Family, sketch NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Saturday only	Two Seats in the Balcony NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Wednesday only
Cadets, male quartet CBS-WABC 11:45 a.m. Monday & Friday	Hall, Wendell, songs NBC-WEAF 7:45 p.m. Sunday only	One Night Stands NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Friday only	U. S. Army Band NBC-WJZ 11:30 a.m. Wednesday only
Camay Soap See Dreams Come True	Harris, Phil, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Friday only	Oxel Trio See Gordon, Dave and Bunny	U. S. Navy Band NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Thursday only
Campana's Italian Balm See First Nighter	Headliners NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Sunday only	Oxydol See Ma Perkins	U. S. Tobacco Co. See One Night Stands
Carefree Carnival, variety NBC-WEAF 12:15 a.m. Saturday only	Health Exercises NBC-WEAF 6:45 a.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Parade of the Provinces NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Vallee, Rudy, variety hour NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Thursday only
Carter, Boake, news CBS-WABC 7:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Hecker H-O Cereal See Bobby Benson	Pearl, Jack, comedian NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Voice of Firestone NBC-WEAF 8:30 p.m. Monday only
Chase and Sanborn See Jimmy Durante	Heiler, Jackie, tenor NBC-WJZ 5:30 p.m. Daily except Sunday	Pepsodent Tooth Paste See Frank Buck	Waltz Time, NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Vivienne Segal Friday only
Cheramy, Inc. See Maxine	Himber Richard, Orchestra, NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Monday only	Perkins, Ma., sketch NBC-WEAF 2:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Wander Co. See Orphan Annie
Chicago Symphony NBC-WJZ 4:30 p.m. Daily ex. Fri. & Sun.	Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. See Your Lover	Philco Radio See Boake Carter	Ward Baking Co. See Rogers' Orch.
Columbia Variety Hour CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Sunday only	Hollywood on the Air NBC-WEAF 12:30 a.m. Sunday only	Phillips Dental Magnesia See Accordiana	Waring, Fred, Orchestra CBS-WABC 9:30 p.m. Sunday only
Columbo, Russ, baritone NBC-WEAF 12:15 a.m. Sunday only	Home Sweet Home NBC-WJZ 2:30 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Plough, Inc. See Lombardo's Orch.	Watkins, R. L. Co. See Merry Go Round
Continental Oil Co. See Harry Richman	Honeymooners, duet NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Tuesday & Saturday	Prescott, Allen; Wife Saver NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Monday & Wednesday	Welch Grape Juice Co. See Irene Rich
Crazy Water Hotel Co. See Gump Arnold	Hoover Sentinels, concert NBC-WEAF 5:30 p.m. Sunday only	Robt Simmons, tenor NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Monday only	Wheaties See Jack Armstrong
Crisco See Home Sweet Home	Horlick, Harry, Gypsies NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Monday only	Household Finance Corp. See Musical Memories	Wheatina Corp. See Billy Batchelor
	House Party NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Donald Novis, Joe Cook Monday only	Ipana See Town Hall Tonight	White, Lew, organist NBC-WJZ 8:30 a.m. Daily
	I. J. Fox, Inc. See Irene Bordoni	Ivory Stamp Club NBC-WJZ 7:00 p.m. Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	Whiteman, Paul, Orchestra; NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Al Jolson Thursday only
	Individual Drinking Caps See Dixie Circus		Words and Music NBC-WJZ 12:45 p.m. Daily except Sunday
			Yeastfoam See Jan Garber's Orch.
			Your Lover, songs NBC-WEAF 4:00 p.m. Tuesday only

Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle



The solution to this puzzle will be published in next week's issue, in which you will find another absorbing puzzle

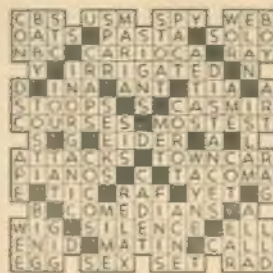
DEFINITIONS

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1—A kind of cheese
 - 5—constrictor
 - 7—Cavalieri, opera star
 - 11—Legally
 - 14—Tremendous
 - 17—Canadian town near Detroit
 - 19—Starvation
 - 20—Bitter gum
 - 21—Belonging to us
 - 23—Deceptive methods
 - 24—Name of a syllable letter
 - 25—The little orphan
 - 27—Slang for "reputation"
 - 28—Initials of Viennese composer and opera director
 - 29—High or low in a poker straight
 - 30—Vapor
 - 32—Italian and Spanish for "yes"
 - 33—Exists
 - 34—Title of respect
 - 35—Ascends
 - 37—New England (abbrev.)
 - 39—Numbers featuring one voice or instrument
 - 41—Leading ladies of the opera
 - 42—Toward
 - 44—Rule out
 - 45—Snaky fish
 - 46—Act
 - 47—In (just another synonym for 42)
 - 49—A wall; also a coin used during the American Revolution
 - 50—United States Navy (ab. brev.)
 - 51—Company (abbrev.)
 - 52—East Indian servants call

- their mistresses — Sahib
- 54—New York for "thirst"
 - 56—Vehicle
 - 57—Spread
 - 59—Square measurement
 - 60—Scrapes
 - 62—Herb popular with felines
 - 64—Popular radio trio, musically noted and denoted
 - 65—Dollar bill
 - 67—High-hattedness
 - 68—Ancient city-state
 - 69—Metal is found in it
 - 70—An old Gaelic language

- VERTICAL**
- 1—Girl's name
 - 2—What radio listeners are
 - 3—Over
 - 4—Pits
 - 5—Preposition
 - 6—Exclamation
 - 7—Small, wild animal
 - 8—Certain flowers

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD PUZZLE



- 9—Something that's bowled over
- 10—They're "Easy" on the air—and on the ear
- 12—Poetic expression
- 13—Musical note
- 15—Belonging to
- 16—Spoil
- 18—Race
- 21—Singular
- 22—Taut
- 25—He flies through the air but can't get on the air
- 26—Simplest
- 29—Sickened
- 31—Commonest number thrown with two dice
- 33—Sweet as apple cider
- 34—Turf
- 36—Never was another gal like
- 38—Self
- 40—Island in the Pacific
- 43—New York political organization
- 46—The coroner in Van Dine's detective stories
- 48—Rock back and forth
- 50—Employ
- 51—Many have found it, more are seeking it, in radio
- 53—Scotch for a home, usually the minister's
- 55—Anger
- 56—Menu
- 57—Scotchman
- 58—Tear apart
- 60—French for "cootie"
- 61—A colt's daddy
- 63—Italian river
- 64—District Attorney
- 66—Toward
- 67—Personal pronoun

The Cover Girl

Dorothy Page, titian-haired NBC contralto whose features lend loveliness to the cover of this week's RADIO GUIDE, always has "mike fright something fierce." This started when she won a Paul Whiteman audition contest in Buffalo in April, 1932, and has been going on ever since.

Following this baptism of fear, Dorothy was immediately signed by Seymour Simons as a featured contralto, and toured with his band for two years, enjoying microphone chills every day. Now she solos for NBC-WJZ, on sustaining hours Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays—when she is not driving her own car with the radio turned on so that she can listen to other people.

Dorothy is a native of Northampton, Mass. Her father was in the contracting busi-

ness there. As a small girl Dorothy loved nothing better than to play on the sand piles near the construction jobs her father was interested in.

College bred, Dorothy wanted to be a secretary, and actually got started in this work with the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia. But her face was more important to the company than her fingers, so they put her on front covers of the *Ladies Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. She also modeled for posters used in tuberculosis and anti-narcotic drives.

Her favorite dish is sauerbraten and pancakes—with spaghetti coming a close second. Her favorite sport is horseback riding—though she swims so well that once she saved a friend from drowning. She also plays basketball and tennis. Her favorite ambition is to own a farm.

RADIO GUIDE is paying

\$100 A WEEK
FOR LAST LINES TO

RADIO JINGLES

try your skill—it's free!

Winners of Jingle No. 3

A barber whose name was McKay.
Was shaving a man named McKay.
Said McKay to McKay,
"Rudy Vallee, I'll say."

1st Prize \$25 J. L. Woosley
Carlisle, Arkansas
"Plays 'I' out of 'play' to get 'pay'!"

2nd Prize \$15 Mr. Stanley F. Widener
Pomona, Calif.
"Takes yeast to raise dough to pay Fay."

3rd Prize \$10 G. F. Schuler
Montreal, Can.
"Can beigh-bo for me any day."

\$5.00 Prizes:

Herbert W. Jarand Outremont, Que., Can.	Charles Anthony Low Toronto, Ont., Can.
Mrs. M. R. Sevnago Seaford, Ont.	V. C. Barnett San Diego, Calif.
Miss Betty Douglas Toronto, Ont., Can.	Theodore Kyns Norwich, Conn.
Thomas Parry Verdun, P. Q., Can.	Florence Arris San Francisco, Calif.
Isla Rutherford Ft. Collins, Col.	Frank G. Davis Cleveland, Ohio

THE RULES:

1. Each week until further notice, Radio Guide will print an unfinished "Radio Jingle." You are invited to write the last line for the jingle. Write anything you wish. The last line must rhyme with the first two lines.

2. Radio Guide will pay \$100.00 in cash prizes each week for the best last line submitted for the Jingle published that week. (See Prize List below.)

3. You may send in as many answers as you wish. Try to be clever. Originality will count. Neatness will count.

4. Mail your answers to "Jingles," Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. Answers for this week's Jingle must be in by 10 A.M., Friday, August 31st. Winners will be announced in Radio Guide as soon thereafter as possible.

5. This offer is open to everyone except employees of Radio Guide and their families. Answers will be judged by a committee appointed by Radio Guide. The committee's judgement will be final. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be given.

6. The use of the coupon in Radio Guide is suggested but not required. You may write your last line on the coupon or on a post card or on any other piece of paper. Radio Guide may be examined at its offices or at public libraries free.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize.....	\$25.00
2nd Prize.....	15.00
3rd Prize.....	10.00
Next 10 Prizes \$5.00 each.....	50.00
Total.....	\$100.00

Every week \$100 goes to the persons who submit the best last lines to the Jingles printed in Radio Guide. Why don't you try! Send your line on the coupon printed below or on a separate piece of paper or post card!

Another Jingle in Next Week's

Radio Guide

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRAMS and PERSONALITIES

CAN YOU WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS?



Three sisters named Boswell, one day
Sang songs in a new sort of way.
An announcer who heard,
Said, "Now you take my word,

Write your last line here.

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JACK BENNY

As He Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Lee Mortimer

It never was the intention of Jack Benny to be the insouciant comedian whose subtle style has brought him national radio fame. By nature and experience he is a rapid-fire, or "patter," comedian. But ennui, brought on by constant futile auditioning for prospective sponsors, fostered the languorous type of presentation which has made him outstanding among the leading jesters of the day. He conceived the technique one day out of sheer boredom. It won him a contract, whereas his natural style had left him hors-de-combat. He wouldn't desert it now for any consideration.

Nor would he desert Mary Livingstone, his charming wife and stooge, who has been the icing on the Benny cake ever since Jack won his first commercial radio account.

Jack wasn't born "Benny." It's a trade name adopted when Jack decided that the stage was his metier. He decided that the family tag, Kubelsky, wouldn't drag the customers into a theater. He wanted them to come in and laugh—not stand out under the marquee and chuckle.

Vaudeville engagements, none too lucrative, followed his service hitch, but in a few years brighter engagements ensued. Then the movie magnates determined that Benny was just what the films needed. But it was in radio that Jack Benny found his natural outlet, and from an ordinary salary in pictures he has risen to an elevation where even the most extravagant sponsors have called strategy conferences in order to meet his terms.

Jack has none of the appearance of a comedian. In fact he has all the savoir-faire of a successful broker. At that he is a comedian only 30 minutes each week. The remaining 6690 waking moments find him a somber, businesslike sleuth, keen on the scent of any situation which he can turn into a gag, with the able help of his material prop and moral supporter, Harry Conn.

He plays a violin as would a beloved maestro.

Jack is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and weighs around one hundred and eighty pounds. His clothes are meticulously selected; he wears them with a natural grace. He could give an Englishman cords and tweeds and beat him at his own game. His once dark hair has grayed almost completely, adding to his air of aristocracy and offering unimpeachable evidence of his torturous search for the elusive jest. The Bennys have no children, but both are extremely fond of them.

Jack was born on the shores of Lake Michigan in the year 1894 on a date later made auspicious in Chicago by one of the most dramatic crime stories in history, February 14th.

RADIO GUIDE will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the twentieth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to RADIO GUIDE a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here, the photographic reproduction will be in fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in RADIO GUIDE next week.



JACK BENNY

Was Antarctica Burned Up!

By Howard Wilcox

Cliff Edwards tilted his chin and squared his shoulders. "I'll do it, boys," he said manfully. "But remember I'm a martyr to a cause. For more years than I like to recall I've been taking my bath on Saturdays, and now I'm breaking the habit of a lifetime by taking my bath on a Wednesday—and practically in public, too! Tsk, tsk!"

And so the ukelele-strumming Knight of the Bath was escorted up to the roof of the building which houses the Columbia Broadcasting System, where he divested himself of his garments, stepped under a spraying shower and mournfully crooned "Singin' in the Rain" with all the gusto at his command. "Yippee!" gurgled Cliff. "What a glorious feeling under this nice, clean, refreshing water!"

Thousands of miles away, in the frozen wastes of the Antarctic, the members of the Byrd Expedition, who haven't taken a bath since early last winter, squirmed in their cootie-infested furs and swore softly.

It was self-invited punishment, however, for several weeks ago Commander Noville, in charge of the isolated Little America base, had wirelessed

a message requesting that a sound reel of civilization be broadcast to them. The boys at CBS gleefully went to it and doped out a diabolical series of events calculated to make the boys of the expedition burn in a 40-degree-below-zero temperature.

Immediately after Cliff finished his libations, lovely Vera Van strode over to the mike and in her torchiest voice sang "Love, You Funny Thing" to aviation mechanic Ike Schlossbach, one of the bachelors of the expedition. "Good old Ike," moaned Vera. "Why don'tcha come up and see me sometime?" Saying which, she puckered her lips and threw a nice, resounding kiss at the mike. "Good old Ike" must have radiated enough heat waves to melt the icicles off his moustache when the kiss flashed through the Little America loudspeaker.

The special wires hummed for a second time, then the tinkling sound of glass and silverware permeated the mike. "Gentlemen," said one of the CBS teasers, "I am seated in the grill of the Hotel

St. Moritz, and the waiter has just brought me a golden-brown fried chicken, with nice crisp potatoes, carrots, peas, asparagus, coffee, and delicious apple pie. Listen!" (Followed by the business of crunching and sighs of evident delight.)

"Of course," continued the voice, "this can't begin to compare with your delicious can of corned beef hash and your hard tack, but it'll do in a pinch!"

The next pick-up point was the exterior and interior of one of the New York movie palaces. The barker shouted the theater's wares, to the accompaniment of the noises of Broadway. Then the microphone was switched to the interior of the house, where an announcer described the beautiful show girls and their costumes.

The boys at Columbia expects to get a radiogram from Commander Noville at the South Pole: STOP YOU'RE KILLING US STOP WE'RE COLD TO YOUR BROADCAST STOP TELL CLIFF TO SHUT OFF THAT SHOWER STOP HOPE THAT GUY CHOKES ON THAT CHICKEN STOP IN OTHER WORDS STOP STOP STOP!